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COMMON SENSE AND COMMON HONESTY.

"Communi sensu plane caret, iniquus. Eheu!
Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam."—HORAT.

IF, at any time, it is asserted that a given act is contrary to common sense, or that common honesty requires a given line of conduct to be pursued, we are too apt to take it for granted that all has been said; and to set down the unhappy culprit for a noodle, (or as the case may be, rogue,) who has the hardihood and independence to act and think in defiance of such authority. Upon what foundation this is done, it is not very easy to explain. If by common sense and common honesty, that degree and kind of these qualities is intended which are common in society, and to be found in nine out of every ten persons our "conversation copes withal," they must afford but feeble guarantees for the fitness of things; and are assuredly the very last standards by which a "good man and true" would choose to regulate his thoughts and actions. All this, perhaps, may appear sufficiently common-place; and it may be thought that "there needs no ghost to tell us" what is before the eyes of all mankind. But the moral world, like any other raree-show, is rendered considerably more intelligible to the mass of mankind by the good services of some one to direct the eye in its selection of objects; or, in showman's parlance, to make folks "see what we shall see." All common-place as this estimate of the world's sense and honesty may be, few give themselves the trouble to

profit by its knowledge, or to inquire into the causes of the fact. Not but that they lie near enough to the surface. Every falsehood in vogue, every received prejudice, is a part of the common sense of mankind;—and every act that is neither pious, nor contrary to the practice of "*les gens comme il faut*," is a parcel of common honesty. In other words, common sense is the sense of those who never inquire; and common honesty, the honesty of which the hangman is the legitimate parent. Neither the wisdom, nor the moral science of the mass of mankind, extends far beyond the simplest truths; and the species are much more indebted to their instincts and passions, than to their reason and principle, for the little order and regularity which exist in their social intercourse. Everything in nature and in society is complex. The phenomena, moreover, are incessantly changing. How, then, are such aggregates to be seized and comprehended by those whose hourly existence depends upon their hourly industry? Philosophy, it is true, is constantly at work to simplify the *imbrogljo*; to unravel those mysteries which the people want taste and leisure to study for themselves, and to *insense* the multitude (I like that Hibernicism) on their dearest interests: but then one half of her labours is contemptuously or indignantly rejected by the world, as contrary to common sense,—libelled,

calumniated, fined and imprisoned; and before the other half is acknowledged and adopted, circumstances change, and the result is no longer applicable to public use. An appeal to common sense is therefore too frequently an appeal to error and falsehood; or at best to some one of those naked and unfruitful truisms, which, however abstractedly self-evident, are rarely applicable to the complex contingencies of life, and to the individual man. There is no proposition so absurd, or so mischievous, that it has not at some time or other received the sanction of this very equivocal authority. In New Zealand, common sense is not shocked at roasting and eating one's fellow creatures; nor is the common sense of the Hindoos more alive to the horrors of a Suttee. The common sense of Egypt once bowed down in worship to an onion; and thought itself as well justified in persecuting the opponents of that very savoury idolatry, as if it had been an orthodox inquisitor. The worship of the "*cœur sacré*" is according to the common sense of French ultras; and "Death to the Constitution" is an undeniable maxim of common sense, in the Escorial and the Tuileries. That truth is a libel, is a part of the common sense of lawyers; and to denounce a convicted felon, and thereby to put the public on its guard against fraud, is, on the same authority, adjudged to be more highly penal than a personal assault. Indeed it may generally be asserted, that nothing is more different from the common sense of the enlightened, than that which illumines the interior of a judge's wig. The judicial condemnation of witches is no longer, it is true, common sense, or common law; neither is the cure of scrofula by the royal touch esteemed "according to Hoyle." In general, whatever is profitable to the few, and injurious to the many—whatever it is the interest of any considerable body, corporate, or aggregate, to pass current in the world, will in the long run be accepted as common sense verity. No

matter how absurd in argument, or contradictory to the senses, a proposition may be; when once it is hardily and steadily asserted for truth, common sense acquiesces with the most servile docility; and philosophy may roar in its ear, till it is as hoarse as a raven, or till it is set in the stocks as a brawler, without making the slightest impression on the world's constitutional credulity. Of this, no more pregnant example can be afforded, than in the verdicts of English juries in libel cases; which in spite of the known statute that appoints the jury to decide both on the fact and the law, are so frequently awarded at the bidding of the judge, to the total overthrow, not only of the liberty of the press, but of all our most simple and elementary notions of right and wrong. In such cases we know not which most to admire, the common sense of those who submit thus implicitly to be led by the nose, to the injury of their own dearest rights—or that of the public, who tamely look on, and make no effort to obtain a declaratory law, to teach the lawyers that there is some difference between truth and falsehood, between censure and calumny.

Common sense takes great credit to itself for what it pleases to call the universality of its judgments upon the great points of morals. It acknowledges, I allow, the general fitness of the commands of the decalogue; and would knock its best friend down, who should presume directly to cavil at them; but which of them might not be broken, and set at naught, in the habitual practice of life, without inducing common sense to cut the offender? Will common sense banish high-born or well-endowed vice from *bon-ton* society? Will it refuse to associate with a thief, provided he manages his fraud with common ingenuity? Just as if the law of Sparta prevailed, and the crime consisted, not in the act, but in the detection. Nay, may not a man live in the daily and hourly practice of every sin that is profitable, without in the slightest degree forfeiting his claim to common

sense? Common sense in England is beginning to acknowledge, as an abstract verity, the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; yet this same sapient authority sees nothing so exquisitely absurd in Catholic exclusion, or Dissenting disability; and absolutely runs stark staring mad at the bare thought of tolerating an Unitarian; most Protestantly recalcitrant against Popish authority; but most Catholically arrogant in asserting its own infallibility. The line of demarcation between common sense and vulgar error is almost too fine to draw. Every day, its wavy and discontinuous curve is changing; and that which is self-evident to-day, to-morrow becomes demonstrably false. For common sense "is ever in extremes." So frightened is she at the detection of her own mistakes, that no sooner does she get a glance at Scylla, than pop she souses, head over heels, into the whirlpool of Charybdis. At the moment in which I write, she has just made one of these "to the right-about" turns; and in deep repentance of her democratic follies during the French Revolution, has fallen right royally in love with passive obedience and monkish superstition. Thus are old errors cast off, only to make way for new: and common sense, ever on the alert to miss its scope, flounders on from mistake to mistake; and at all her changes, succeeds, with incomparable dexterity, in escaping from truth. No wonder, therefore, is it, that she should at the same moment so frequently proscribe and prescribe; approving under one aspect, what in another she condemns. Common sense toils and spins for six days in the week, and on Sundays preaches on the text of the lilies of the valley. With a grave oracular face, she proclaims that health is the greatest of blessings, and a clear conscience the *sine qua non* of happiness and content; and then, shutting herself up in a murky unwholesome counting-house, she passes her day in striving to

over-reach every one that she can engage in a mercantile transaction. Common sense hangs a murderer without pity; and having signed the warrant, takes down her pistols to fight a duel, in defence of that honour which she has in turn prostituted to every passion. Let common sense draw up her balance-sheet of the pains and penalties of paternity, and who would be a father? Yet does she not the less go up and down the world advocating matrimony, as the best of all possible conditions, and laughing Malthus and forecast to scorn. With a sapient shake of the head she exclaims to the heedless youth,

"Balnea, Vina, Venus, corrumpunt corpora nostra."

And with equal solemnity she inculcates,

"Sed faciunt vitam Balnea, Vina, Venus."

Common sense very readily admits that the all-wise Creator of the universe must be a merciful, a just, and a good being; but then, again, with equal readiness, she accepts and promulgates religious dogmas and practices of the most devilish malignity. Common sense allows that representation should be commensurate with taxation; yet she hates a reformer "worse than poison." She allows that laws should be made for the purpose of preventing crime; yet she submits to codes, expressly calculated to vitiate the morals of the lower classes and to necessitate a life of turbulence and habitual violation of the laws. Common sense requires that priests should be humble, and meek, and pious; yet she upholds their alliance with the state, their unbounded wealth and ostentatious dignities; and while she is shocked at the purple pride of the conclave, bows down to worship the right reverend pluralists of a less gaudy establishment. Common sense believes of a certain religion, that its leading doctrine is the lawfulness of perjury; yet she apprehends some danger from abandoning a test oath, adopted to exclude its votaries,—a test which

can possess no efficacy except in as far as they who take it are restrained by their reverence for the sanctity of a solemn adjuration. But it is useless to attempt an enumeration of the mistakes of common sense; what between awkward blundering, wilful exclusion of light and truth, pre-occupation and indifference, common sense contrives to make itself the promulgator and patron of every inconsistency and every absurdity. He, therefore, who has only the common sense of mankind for a guide, and who makes the opinions of the world the sole rule of his actions, must be uncommonly lucky if he does not soon break his nose against a post, or walk into some well, in which, whatever else he may find, he will be pretty sure of not encountering truth at the bottom.

Our actions being but corollaries from our thoughts, it follows, that when common sense goes so widely astray, common honesty cannot repose upon very sound foundations; and, verily, a greater knave does not walk the earth than this same common honesty. Whatever custom allows, his authority sanctions; and nothing is derogatory to his character that is not scandalously salient, and indecently naked. The first and fundamental principle of common honesty is, that the quality of an action depends on the clothes of the actor; and that the same transaction which, in a frieze coat, is highly blameable, becomes altogether indifferent, or even praiseworthy, if entered upon in a broad-cloth of the first quality. Common honesty, if it does not openly acknowledge two laws for the rich and for the poor, contrives, by a dexterous use of language, to reduce matters to much the same condition as if such were the case. If a poor devil forges a one-pound note, "to the gallows with him," cries common honesty, the fellow is a thief, a felon,—and straightway he is placed out of the pale of humanity: whereas if he had succeeded in giving currency to a hundred thousand such pieces of paper,

in the character of a banker, without one farthing of property to pay the holders, common honesty would call on the Government to give him assistance, and would lament most sympathetically over the misfortunes, not of the thousands who are reduced by his failure to want their daily meal, but of the wretched speculator, whose unprincipled gambling leaves him just where he originally stood. Common honesty sends to Botany Bay a starving wretch, who, upon a false pretence, obtains the price of a quarter loaf; but it esteems the circulation of a dexterous lie in the Stock Exchange a clever hit, and joins in a hearty laugh with the directors of a bubble company. Common honesty will pocket the proceeds of a *knowing* bet at a horse-race, and before dressing for dinner will commit to gaol the unlucky proprietor of a "little-go," whom he has detected in the practice of his profession on the course. Common honesty avows that corruption is notorious as the sun at noon day, and boasts even that it introduces the greatest talents into Parliament; yet it does not the less invoke punishment upon the needy voter who is detected in the sale of his conscience for a five-pound note. Common honesty cries out against a paltry regrater, who intercepts the supply of a village market; but it supports the landlords in their corn laws, which by taking millions out of the purses of the community, to put a few thousands unjustly into those of the owners of the soil, realizes the story of the man who, to boil his own eggs, burned down his neighbour's house. Common honesty is rather prudish indeed about putting his hand directly into another man's pocket, and does not openly patronize highway robbery or house breaking; owing, most probably, to an innate modesty that shrinks from the notoriety usually attached to such overt acts; for when an opportunity is afforded, either by legal impunity, or by the possibility of concealment, he has no objection to arriving at the same ends, by acts of

equal moral turpitude. Common honesty does not hesitate at contracting debts, without other idea of repayment, than that of an insolvent act. Let any one compare the amount of sums surrendered by insolvents, with that of the debts in their schedules, and he will find that Falstaff's ha'p'orth of bread bears not a smaller proportion to the gallons of sack he consumed; and he will be convinced that the people of these countries consequently must see nothing in the practice unworthy of common honesty. So likewise common honesty not only thinks no shame of taking money under the plea of services which he never performs; but actually makes it a boast and a title to gentility to accumulate on his head the greatest possible number of pensions and sinecures. Common honesty likewise is a professed pluralist in Church matters, and would resent as the greatest of injuries any insinuation, that holding a fat living in idleness, while he gives the working curate less than the wages of a journeyman shoemaker, is either immoral or disgraceful. Common honesty will walk into a gambling-house at noon-day, and will job in committees, in another House, with the most unblushing effrontery. After such things one is ashamed to mention the more trifling peccadilloes of this very shuffling gentleman,—his transubstantiations of Benecarlo into port wine, of salt into sugar, of sloe-leaves into tea, and of horse-beans into coffee. To enumerate indeed the licences in which he indulges in the way of trade, would form a decent-sized volume. But it is impossible to pass in silence the sublime practices of common honesty in his capacity of a porter-brewer. There he shines with a lustre altogether his own. His dealings with that extraordinary personage in a civilized community, ycleped a brewer's druggist, form but a trifling portion of his wonderful dexterity. His use of *coccus indicus*, molasses, opium, &c. &c. only puts him upon a level with the quack-doctor, who lives by poisoning the community up-

on the vilest principles: but his monopoly of public-houses, and his tamperings with magistrates to get them licensed, and to crush the independent publican, are quite *impayables*; while his parliamentary manoeuvres to uphold the system, if we dared reveal the secrets of the prison-house, are still more exquisite. Of the whole proceedings of common honesty in Parliament, there is indeed much to say. If we may trust to the newspaper reporters, they have ever been more than equi-ocal. But as we are anxious upholders of privilege, we shall only hint that it was a grievous day for Old England, when common honesty acquired the right of clapping M. P. to his name. As a magistrate, common honesty shines with peculiar brilliancy, of which we need not advance a more satisfactory proof than his laboured endeavours to enforce secrecy. In these double capacities of legislator and administrator of law, he has the ball completely at his foot, and may kick it where he pleases, having not only the purses but the persons of his fellow-creatures completely at his mercy. *Nemo me impune* is, or might be, his motto; and woe betide the poor farmer whom he has an interest in putting quietly out of the country. The proceedings of common honesty in the Court of Chancery are at present under inquiry, and we shall not therefore stop to detail them, and his doings in the other courts are too notorious to require exposition. If any one be desirous to follow him in his progress of sham pleas, unnecessary counts, and other profitable law fictions, we beg to refer him to Mr. Jeremy Bentham, a gentleman who has long watched his goings on with exemplary patience and acuteness. As a tradesman, common honesty has very usually two prices, and as a gentleman he has two consciences. Common honesty has no objection to horse-dealing, and would cheat his own brother in this species of transaction. He will play at cards with a drunken man; will avail himself of

secret intelligence, if not of falsehood, on the Stock Exchange; will profit in a law-suit by a technical error of his opponent; and will buy run goods and transport the smuggler. He will cry "Church in danger," to carry or avert a measure with which the Church has nothing to do. He will deprecate clerical interference in politics as against himself; and uphold and encourage it when directed against his political adversaries. He will make fictitious freeholds to increase his own influence, and oppress and starve the creatures of his hand, if they presume to have an opinion of their own. Common honesty has not the slightest difficulty in committing that species of fraud, which is involved in the use of equivocal words. The opinions and dogmas he professes himself, he christens by the name of religion, while those which he does not profess, he calls superstition; thus entrapping his hearers into judgments before they are aware of the grounds of debate. So likewise everything that makes for his own honour or emolument he calls order and civilization, while he libels as anarchy whatever tends to protect society from his selfishness, and to give to every man his own. It is chiefly in his capacity of author, that common honesty has indulged in these vagaries; and most especially in his character of reviewer. Martial, in his epistle prefixed to the first book of his epigrams, observes that "*improbe facit qui in alieno libro ingeniosus est*;" yet common honesty has scribbled an infinite deal for Reviews. Perhaps he may put in a plea that the most offensive of his writings in such volumes were anything but *ingenious*; yet even with this qualification, we cannot but think a vast many of the productions in question to have been strong measures on the part of the author; and it is still more remarkable, that of the authorial delinquencies of common honesty, he has chosen to affix to the most malicious, the signature of a "Reverend." In literary affairs common honesty admits of two fundamental principles;

misstatements concerning the works of others; and, in his own, compilation,—that is, stealing. In this respect so great a rogue is common honesty, that he will not scruple to plunder—himself. He has a wonderful knack of getting up title-pages and writing prefaces,—not indeed such as fairly and candidly set forth the contents of the book, and explain its scope and means,—but such as are *taking*,—that is, as take in the purchaser, and lead him to suppose that the book is something very different from what it is. In literary matters common honesty is very fond of making himself appear a greater rogue than he is, by christening his imbecility with the name of malice; and by giving out that he is satirical and personal, where he is only dull and unmeaning. He spreads a report that he has deserved a horsewhip for libelling every public character of the day, and *showing up* half the world of fashion: every body is anxious to read the abuse of their friends; but on perusing the volume, it is discovered too late, that the horsewhip is indeed merited, not for personality and calumny, but for stupidity and impudence. Another of the authorial tricks of common honesty is the falsification of history, the misrepresentation of the dead to deceive the living. Common honesty wrote a history of England, omitting the Revolution; and he published a history of Greece, in which he libelled all antiquity, in the foolish notion of discrediting liberty. Common honesty likewise is a great controversialist, but, somehow or other, he never quotes with fidelity; altering or omitting as it serves his purpose, and inserting only so much of a text as makes for his argument. Amidst all these and a thousand other bad actions, common honesty contrives to keep himself out of gaol. He never was tried for his life, nor ever kicked out of good company. This must in part be attributed to his infernal hypocrisy; for he is never without a moral sentence in his mouth, and is perpetually declaiming against all the coars-

er and more awkward villainies which he wants the courage to commit. He is likewise a great frequenter of conventicles, tract distributing, Vice suppressing, and Missionary societies; a vehement censor of strong language on the stage; and is scandalized to death if the intensitive of condemnation is spelled with all its letters. But his chief hold of mankind is derived from the follies and imperfections of common sense. In every piece of roguery that is played off against the interests of mankind, common honesty puts forward the fallacy, and common sense gives it currency; common honesty sets in motion the puppets, while common sense leads the applause of the spectators.

If common sense made good its pretensions to sagacity and to a knowledge of things, common honesty would adopt something like decency in its dealings with the world. But alas! common sense is a blunderer

and a blockhead, and common honesty is not slow to take advantage of her weakness. Thus the world goes on, the dupe of every solemn plausibility, and the victim of every fraudulent pretension; public interests and public justice are sacrificed to a pretended "social order," which is the very germ and essence of anarchy; and the sanctions of morality and religion are employed to uphold a system, of which the true basis is the oppression of the many, and the successful iniquity of the few. Reader, can this be helped? for the most part, no. What then is to be done? Keep your eyes about you, and use other guides than those which mislead the public. Enlighten common sense when you can,—detect common honesty when you dare; and for the rest, let things go as they may; and don't weep milestones, because they are not precisely as you wish them.

THE TWO FISHERMEN.

I WAS strolling on the beach one fine spring evening, amusing myself with picking up pebbles and casting them into the sea, while memory was busily employed in retracing past scenes and events, when my reveries were broken in upon by a slight tap on the shoulder. I turned round, and beheld a venerable old seaman, whom I often visited during the summer months at his pretty cottage at C—.

"What, all alone?" he said, with his usual benevolent smile. "Can you find no better employment, my pretty maiden, than that of throwing stones into the water?"

I attempted some excuse for the foolish manner in which I was wasting time.

"Nay, make no apology, Jane; I know you of old; you will contrive to draw some grave reflection from your childish amusement—and tell me that the ocean reminds you of time, and that the pebbles you cast

into it resemble the fate of man—making a stir for a moment, agitating the bosom of the waters, then sinking for ever, and leaving no trace on the surface."

"It is even so," said I, unconsciously dropping the stones I had in my hand, one by one upon the beach. "Yet I, a weak girl, have the vanity to think I can leave a slight memorial of my existence on the surface, when so many gallant men sleep forgotten beneath, and are silently mouldering with the things that were."

The old man sighed deeply, and an expression of sorrow, almost amounting to anguish, convulsed his features. It was but a passing cloud—his fine countenance was again illuminated by his usual placid smile, as, seating himself on a piece of the broken cliff, he motioned me to follow his example.

"Come, Jane," he said, "sing to me that song I dearly love, and I in

return will tell you a long story, which you may turn to what account you please, so that you conceal the names of the parties concerned."

I loved his stories : they were always told with such simplicity and warmth of feeling, that he ceased to be the mere narrator, and the hearer might fancy him one of the principal actors in the drama. The song he wished me to sing, and which he always called his favorite, was a sad ditty. It was penned by an uncle of mine, after returning from a long voyage, and finding the lady he was engaged to had died during his absence. My father, being musical, set it to the flute, and it was known in the family by the name of *The Mariner's Farewell*.

"I will not sing you that," I said, "it is so very sad."

"The better suited to my present feelings," returned the old man.

Now, I wished to hear his tale—curiosity conquered my scruples—and I did my best :—

The sails were set, the dashing oar
Already broke the foaming tide ;
But still I lingered on the shore,
The bitterness of grief to hide.

The wind swept o'er my burning brow,
The surge in hollow murmurs rung :
I only felt the ardent vow

That trembled on my faltering tongue ;

I only heard the heavy sighs
That burst from one fond woman's heart ;
I only saw the streaming eyes
That mutely said—"we part, we part !"

How oft the pressure of that hand
I've dreamt I felt at midnight's gloom :—
Again I sought my native land,
But she I loved was in the tomb !

A long pause succeeded. At length the old man, passing his shaking hand over his eyes, pointed to a small white cottage that stood on the brow of the cliff. "Do you see that dwelling, with the roses over the porch ?"

"'Tis an old fashioned looking place," said I, "and would make a pretty picture."

Forty years ago, he continued, that house was built by two brothers, who gained a comfortable living by engaging in the fisheries which were then carried on to a great extent in

this village and the adjacent seaport town.—Robert and William Sowerby were early left to struggle with the world. Their father died at sea, and their mother did not long survive her loss. The boys were brought up in the house of an uncle, who was the father of two sweet little girls. The children tenderly loved each other ; time strengthened their mutual attachment ; the uncle, before his death, consented to their union ; and the brothers jointly erected that dwelling to receive their promised brides.

The rising sun smiled upon their labour of love, and the shades of evening could scarcely wile them from their pleasing employment. Robert was grave and steady in his deportment, and plain in his person. William was handsome, gay, passionate, and thoughtless. The difference in their disposition and pursuits often produced hot words between them, yet the brothers were fondly attached to each other.

Their marriage was a matter of rejoicing to the whole village ; the bells rang forth a merry peal ; and old and young came out to meet the bridal party, and welcome them to their new abode. The children strewed flowers in their path, and matron and maid wished that long years of happiness might attend their wedded life.

For a while the youthful parties bade fair to realize the fond hopes of their friends. Cemented alike by brotherly love and conjugal affection, the harmony that reigned in that little dwelling became the topic of conversation to the inhabitants of the village. Fanny, the wife of Robert Sowerby, possessed a heart too gay and joyous to contend with the ills and sorrows of life. I see her now, the feelings of her innocent and guileless breast lighting up the sunny expression of her smiling face, round which her dark curls wanted like the tendrils of the vine. How often have I paused beside yon rose-bound porch of a summer evening, to hear her gay laugh ring

in the clear air, while she tied up the flowers or playfully wove them into wreaths for her flowing tresses. Dear girl! There was music in her step, gladness in her eye; and both combined in the witching tones of her voice. I have heard it exerted to its utmost pitch to meet the ear of her husband, as she stood on the cliff watching the return of his boat by the clear beams of the moon. That voice has been mute many a long day, and the grass grown old upon her grave; but I shall never forget its tones, and can repeat to you every word of that well known ditty:—

Welcome! welcome! thou little bark!
Love greets thee from the shore;
Through whitening foam thy sails I mark,
I hear thy dashing oar;
Quickly glide over the pathless sea,
For dear is thy freight to love and me!

She comes! she comes through the dashing
tide,
And her keel grates on the strand,
As the waves before her course divide,
And her bold crew spring to land!
Safe from the storm and the howling main,
I hold thee once more to my heart again!

Thy locks are wet with the ocean's foam,
But our hearth burns bright and clear;
The loved and the loving shall welcome thee
home,
And prepare thy rustic cheer.
Yes! thou art safe, and I heed no more
The rising wind and the tempest's roar!

Thus sang poor Fanny in days gone by; and, as her delighted husband caught her in his arms, he envied not the luxuries of the great, contented with the undivided unbought love of his beautiful young wife.

William and Lucy, after the first months of their marriage were over, did not possess that happiness and unity of mind that were so conspicuously displayed in the domestic felicity enjoyed by their next-door neighbors. William was rash and obstinate, and often found fault with every scheme that his mild partner devised in the vain hope of pleasing him! All her endeavours to fulfil his wishes were frustrated by his unfortunate temper. He loved her, it is true; but he loved himself better,

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and viewed the happiness of Robert and Fanny with a jealous and discontented eye, not considering that it was his own fault that he did not enjoy the same.

"You never seem glad to see me, Lucy," he would exclaim, as he flung down the nets he had been fishing with in a corner of the cabin—"or sing such sweet songs to welcome my approach as Fanny does."

"I have no voice—I cannot sing," was the meek reply of poor Lucy; "but indeed, William, I am always happy to see you."

"Ay, that's the old phrase; but deeds shew. Fanny is always gay and cheerful: that renders Robert so, and makes his home happy; while you greet my return with tears and upbraidings, which drives me from mine."

"It is your own fault, William," said Lucy, bursting into tears and leaving the room; "could you curb your temper, we too might be happy."

Seldom a day passed without some dispute of this nature; and the kind-hearted Fanny saw with grief that the fiend Discord had thrown her apple into their once happy circle.

One evening they had met at Robert's house to while away a few hours by his cheerful fire side. It was a rude wintry night—the rain fell in torrents—and the wind roared without, and shook the cottage to its foundation. William had been on the sea with the boat, which was their mutual property, in the earlier part of the day; and Robert, hearing the tempest rising to a pitch of fury, asked his brother if he had taken the precaution to draw her high upon the beach, and secure her against the violence of the waters, which burst in tremendous shocks against the cliffs. William answered harshly in the negative. "Then I must go and do it myself," returned Robert, the colour mounting to his cheek; "If you are careless with regard to your own property, you should have some respect for mine."

"Let me perish, if you leave the

house such a night as this, on any fool's errand," said William, rising and placing his back against the door. "She will take no harm, man! and is as much my property as she is yours."

"Stand back from the door!" returned Robert, giving way to sudden passion. "If I choose to go, no one shall dare to bar my passage in my own house!"

"I tell you that you shall not go," said William, "and I will make good my words."

"You must do it in another place, then," returned Robert, with a threatening air.

"With all my heart," was the reply.

The women now interposed; and, on each side, with tears and entreaties, endeavoured to win the brothers into a reconciliation. Fanny at length succeeded; for when did she ever plead to her husband's heart in vain? Kissing her pale cheek, and quieting her fears, he turned to his brother, and, holding out his hand in token of amity, said—"William, we have both acted foolishly; I forgive you for your late intemperate speeches, and I expect you will extend to me the same favour. There is my hand upon it; and now let us mutually assist each other in securing the boat."

William, whose passion had not so soon subsided, consented with a sullen air, and they left the house together.

During their absence, Fanny continued to pace the cottage with rapid steps, and often hurried to the door, and listened to the howling of the tempest with an expression of alarm and inward anxiety. "The night is dark and stormy," she said; "the billows roll mountains high—Oh, how I wish my husband would return!"

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear sister," returned Lucy, rising and approaching the open door: "they will doubtless return in a few minutes. But, see," she continued, "your clothes are wet through with the rain; consider your situation,

and be more careful, for your husband's sake."

"I can see a dark figure advancing along the brow of the cliff," replied Fanny, disregarding her sister's caution. "'Tis he—it is my husband!" In spite of Lucy's efforts to detain her, she sprang from the cottage, and sank almost fainting into the arms of William Sowerby, who, without undeceiving her, carried her gently back into the cottage. When Fanny perceived her mistake, her fears reached a climax of agony. Turning with a degree of fierceness quite foreign to her nature towards William, she demanded of him what he had done with her husband?

"Is the woman mad?" he exclaimed, in an angry tone. "Am I accountable for her husband's actions?"

"You are! you are!" shrieked Fanny. "He left the house with you, and should have returned with you. There's blood upon your hand—your garments are died with it—Almighty God, you have murdered him!"

She sank senseless at his feet; and Lucy, turning towards him with a face pale as death, said—"Speak, William! Tell me what is this that you have done. Whence are these fatal stains? Where! where, is your brother?"

"Let me be cursed to all eternity, if I know," said the fisherman, stamping furiously on the ground. "These women, with their suspicions, are enough to drive a man out of his senses!" Seeing his wife trembling from head to foot, he added, in a calmer tone, "I left him with the boat; he will be here in a few minutes, to laugh with me at your ridiculous folly."

During this speech, Fanny had half risen from the floor, and she caught his arm wildly. "It may be true. Forgive, William, a wife's agony! Come, and help me to look for him."

This idea appeared to inspire her with fresh hope; and, springing to

her feet, she darted through the doorway, and fled with the rapidity of thought towards the cliff. The wind in vain impeded her course, or the drenching torrents that beat on her uncovered head: one dreadful supposition alone possessed her mind; the uproar of the warring elements was congenial with the feelings it produced in her distracted breast; and she never paused till she reached the spot where the boat was generally moored. The moon that had been obscured now struggled through the haze, and cast a wan uncertain light on surrounding objects. She stood alone on the sands! no sound of a human voice met her ear, no living creature her eye. She called in frantic tones on the name of her husband—"Robert! Robert! where are you?" The hollow cliffs returned her voice, and the winds and waves alone answered her.

William now arrived on the spot with a lantern, accompanied by several fishermen from the neighbouring houses. They found the unhappy wife of Robert Sowerby in a state of almost unconsciousness: two of the men carried her back to the cottage, while the rest proceeded to search for her husband.

On examining the boat, they discovered the pebbles all round it stained with blood, and the sand deeply indented by the pressure of contending feet. The men looked one upon another, and then at William.

"Whence are those stains on your face and garments, messmate?" said an old man, eyeing the young fisherman with a glance of peculiar meaning.

"It is blood," he returned, in a sullen voice; "but it is my own. In drawing the boat up higher on the beach, I had the ill-luck to cut my hand with a sharp flint, and the blood is still oozing."

"You will have to give a more satisfactory account of the accident, if your brother is not forthcoming," replied the old man; "in the mean time I shall consider it my duty to

retain you in custody until he is found, or you confess what has become of him."

"Of what do you accuse me?" exclaimed the agitated young man.

"Of murder!"

He uttered a scream of agony, and raising his hand towards heaven, made the most solemn asseverations of his innocence, and called on God to attest their truth.

The men pitied him, but no one in his sober reason could acquit him of the deed. He then implored them to let him take a last farewell of his wife, before they hurried him off to prison; and this mercy was not denied him.

Unconscious of the horrors of her situation, or the trials that awaited her, Lucy was standing by Fanny's bed, watching in unspeakable anguish the last flutterings of expiring life. Sorrow had pressed but once on that young gay heart, and the cord of life was severed in the contest. Her anxiety of mind hurried the pains of a mother, and she died in giving birth to a male infant, who survived the loss of its unhappy parents.

She had just performed the last melancholy task, and closed the fair lids that shrouded for ever the once joyous glance of her sister's radiant dark eyes, when her husband sprang into the room, and, catching her arm, exclaimed in a wild and hurried tone—

"Look on me, Lucy! Tell me that you believe me innocent of the horrible crime they have laid to my charge!"

The low wailing of an infant met his ear, and his bloodshot eye fell on the pale inanimate form of the once beautiful Fanny.

"Oh, she is dead, then!—and they will say I have murdered her, too," he cried, as he dashed himself on the floor, and wept aloud in the paroxysm of his despair.

Lucy knelt beside him, and raised his head on her knees. Her's was a misery too deep for tears: she kissed, with trembling lips, the swollen

len brow in which the veins seemed bursting, and said, in a faltering voice—"O, my husband, I know not what to think—but I will not believe you guilty."

"God bless you for these words, my poor girl; heaven will prove my innocence; for I swear to you, Lucy, by Him who made me, I am as ignorant of my brother's destiny as you are. We parted friends—and never, in my wildest fits of passion, could I have raised my hand against his life."

"I believe you!" exclaimed Lucy, flinging herself into his arms. The officers of justice entered, and tore them apart. "We shall meet again, William," she cried, as they bore him from the apartment, "both here and in another world."

As the village bell smote on her ear, she turned towards the pale crushed flower, over whom her tears flowed unceasingly.

"Poor Fanny," she said, stooping down and kissing the cold brow of her sister—"Thy sorrows are over—thy heart is at rest—that gay, glad voice is hushed for ever! I shall never again envy its tones of melody, or hear thy bounding step spring forth to meet him who has vanished from among us like a dream, and no one knoweth the cause of his departure! Oh, that I could lie down and sleep like thee, and bury in the dust the anguish of a broken heart!"

Days, weeks, months rolled away; but Robert never returned. William was tried for the murder; the presumptive evidence was too strong to admit doubt as to the perpetration of the crime; and he suffered, at the age of three and twenty by the laws of his country.

Lucy remained a lonely inhabitant of the cottage, pitted and respected by all her neighbours. She found a melancholy pleasure in bringing up the orphan her unfortunate sister had, dying, bequeathed to her care.

She bore her dreary lot with a meek and lowly spirit, patiently submitting herself to the will of heaven.

The cottage, however, wore a different aspect. The roses that had been trained up by the hand of love were unbound, and floated on every breeze; the pretty garden, once the scene of Fanny's rural labours, was overgrown with weeds, here and there a solitary lily rearing its snowy crest to bring back to the mind of Lucy the memory of departed hours. When the moon shone down in beauty on the spot, she would lean her head pensively on her hand, and fancy she heard the sweet voice of Fanny singing in the porch, as she playfully shook the dew out of the roses on to the dark locks and over the sun-burnt cheek of her husband. "Ah, they were happy days!" would the solitary mourner say—"but they are gone for ever!"

Six years had rolled on, and the little orphan had grown into a fine ruddy boy, with all his mother's lovely smiles and sparkling beauty. Lucy marked his growth with melancholy pleasure, and he became more dear to her from the resemblance he bore to her sister.

One bright summer evening, as the rosy child was swinging on the garden gate, and watching the restless billows as they slowly broke against the cliff, a woe-worn and weather-beaten man approached the gate. The child, frightened at his haggard looks, would have fled, but the stranger caught him in his arms. "Tell me," he cried, in a hurried voice, "whose little boy are you?"

"Mother Lucy's," said the child, struggling in his grasp—"I don't know you—pray let me go."

"Do your father and mother live here?"

"My mother does; but I have no father," said the boy; "he died before I was born."

"Poor William! is he gone, then?" said the stranger, greatly agitated. "Tell me, dear child, if your aunt Fanny Sowerby is living?"

"Aunt," said the child, looking earnestly in his face—"I had once, they tell me, another mother, but she lies in the church-yard. I never

saw her ; but Mother Lucy always makes me pray for her, and my father too."

"Oh, my child ! my child !" exclaimed the stranger, pressing the infant wildly to his heart, while his tears fell fast on the glittering ringlets of the cherub boy.

At this moment, Lucy advanced from the cottage. At the sight of the stranger she uttered a terrific scream, and, catching his arm, cried out in a trembling voice, "Speak to me, in God's name, Robert ! tell me you are of this world ?"

"Alas ! to my own misery," groaned forth the unfortunate man.

Lucy clasped her hands mournfully, and raised her streaming eyes towards heaven.—"I was right ! I knew my poor husband suffered innocently."

Robert led Lucy back to the cabin, and implored her to explain the meaning of her dreadful words. The tale was too soon told, and the afflicted brother stood overwhelmed with anguish—"My wife ! my brother !" he exclaimed, dashing his clenched hand against his head. "This is a horrible dream—it cannot be true that you both died for me !"

After the first burst of feeling had subsided, Lucy entreated him to reveal the cause of his long absence.

"William's tale was true," he said ; "we dragged the boat, which was nearly afloat in the surf, high up on the beach, in doing which he cut his hand severely with a large flint, and I begged him to leave me to fasten the boat, whilst he ran home and got the wound, which I considered dangerous, bound up. Thank God, Lucy, we parted friends ! He had not left me many minutes, before a band of smugglers emerged from a cave in the cliff, and observing me imprudently turn my head, and look earnestly at the place of their retreat, they surrounded and threatened me with instant death if I dared to reveal their hiding place. I promised—nay even bound myself to secrecy, by the most powerful oaths that language could suggest.

"Do not trust him !" said one of the crew. 'Despatch him, and throw his body into the sea, we shall then ensure his silence.'

"My wife rushed across my mind I implored their mercy—'If any of you are husbands and fathers,' I said, 'have compassion on me—I have left, in that cottage, a wife on the eve of her confinement with her first child—a wife whom I adore—do not commit a double crime by destroying both ?'

"The leader of the band relented—'I have thought of a better scheme,' he said, nodding to his companions ; 'we will not take his life.'

"Just at this critical moment I heard approaching footsteps. I struggled desperately to gain my liberty, and was thrown with such violence on the ground, that the blood gushed copiously from my nostrils ; a handkerchief was tied over my mouth, and I was forcibly dragged into the cavern.—O, Lucy ! imagine my feelings, when I heard in that dismal place the voice of Fanny calling on me in the tones of despair, while I, bound hand and foot, was denied even the powers of utterance ! Were I to live for eternity, I should never forget the horrible presentiments of approaching ill which crowded on my mind during that dreadful night.

"Towards morning the smugglers got their vessel under weigh, and they put me on board, and in the course of twenty-four hours we were landed in Holland. Without a half-penny in my pocket, or the least knowledge of the language, I was reduced to the necessity of soliciting the charity of the passers-by. But the anxiety of my mind brought on a violent fever. I was picked up in the streets, and conveyed to the hospital, where I languished for upwards of a twelvemonth under the afflictions of heaven, and when restored at length to health and liberty, new miseries awaited me. Luckily I fell in with the master of a trading vessel, who, pitying my forlorn situation, agreed to take me with him to Eng-

land. Just as my hopes were nearly realized, I was again plunged into despair: our vessel became the prize of a privateer, and I was carried a prisoner to France, where I remained until the exchange which took place a few weeks ago.

"We had a quick passage, and arrived safely in dear Old England. My transports were so great, on once more beholding my native land, that it was some time before I could moderate my feelings. I begged my way hither, anticipating the kind welcome I should receive from my wife and family after so long and painful an absence. And what have I found? My wife in her grave, and my brother executed as a felon for my supposed murder!"

Here the old seaman paused, and seemed so deeply affected, that it was some minutes before I could sum up resolution again to address him.

"And what became of poor Lucy?"

"As though she had lived only to deliver up that lovely boy into his father's care, she soon after sickened and died; and we buried these two sisters of misfortune in the same grave. The boy, Jane, you have often seen: he is the gay, high-spirited young officer who is frequently the companion of your evening rambles."

"How!" cried I, starting from my seat, "Robert Brandon! He is then your son?"

"Yes, Jane, I was the once happy husband of the beautiful Fanny Sowerby." He pressed my hand to his lips, and walked slowly towards the deserted cottage. I looked after him—my heart was full—tears blinded my eyes—I could not follow him.

BALLAD.

"O go not forth to night, my child,
O go not forth to night;
The rain beats down, the wind is wild,
And not a star has light."

"The rain it will but wash my plume,
The wind but wave it dry;
And for such quest as mine, mink gloom
Is welcome in the sky."

And little will the warder know
What step is gliding near;
One only eye will watch below,
One only ear will hear.

A hundred men keep watch and ward,
But what is that to me?
And when hath ever Love been barred
From where he wills to be?

Go, mother, with thy maiden band,
And make the chamber bright:
The loveliest lady in the land
Will be thy guest to night."

He flung him on his raven steed—
He spur'd it o'er the plain;
The bird, the arrow have such speed:—
His mother called in vain.

"His sword is sharp, his steed is fleet,—
St. Marie, be his guide;
And I'll go make a welcome meet
For his young stranger-bride."

And soon the waxen tapers threw
Their fragrance on the air,

And flowers of every morning hue
Yielded their sweet lives there.

Around the walls an eastern loom
Had hung its purple fold—
A hundred lamps lit up the room,
And every lamp was gold.

A horn is heard, the drawbridge falls—
"Oh, welcome! 'tis my son!"
A cry of joy rang through the halls—
"And his fair bride is won."

But that fair face is very pale,
Too pale to suit a bride;
Ah, blood is on her silvery veil—
That blood flows from her side.

Upon the silken couch he laid
The maiden's drooping head;
The flowers, before the bride to fade,
Were scattered o'er the dead.

He knelt by her the livelong night,
And only once spoke he—
"Oh, when the shaft was on its flight,
Why did it not pierce me?"

He built a chapel where she slept,
For prayer and holy strain:
One midnight by the grave he wept,
He never saw again.

Without a name, without a crest,
He sought the Holy Land:
St. Marie, give his soul good rest—
He died there sword in hand.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADEMOISELLE SONTAG :

INTERSPERSED WITH CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LEADING FASHIONABLES OF BERLIN.

“Here be truths.”

[The little work from which this sketch is extracted—“*Henriette die Schöne Sangerinn*,” or, *Henriette the beautiful Songstress*—has excited so much attention at Leipsic (where it was published) and at Berlin, that we think an abridgment of it may not be wholly unacceptable to our readers. It is said, that the fair lady to whom it refers, and of whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is at length actually engaged, and to make her *debut* next season at the Italian Opera House in England.]

THE Opera was over ! Still, however, the tumultuous applause uplifted in honor of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of *Henrietta*,* and in demanding her momentary re-appearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison to the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead ! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture ; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisances ; her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of *Henrietta*’s gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature) and to have included every class and every age

within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch,† upon whose head, worn grey during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared, in his old age, to have been wounded by Love’s dart, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, this right noble warrior was fascinated by the syren, he was more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs. Hemmstoff and Wicke,‡ who had become close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama. The latter, his eyes fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation—“Oh, friend ! what is life without love ? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet.”

“True, very true !” interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavouring to pass, in the true *exquisite* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—“very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the Restaurateur or where ?”

“Below, my dear fellow,” rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, “for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas ! how sweet a thing is love !”

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full

* Mademoiselle Sontag.

† Marshal Von Brauchitsch, Governor of Berlin.

‡ Hemmstoff and Wicke.

—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *cau-de-vie*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied; next our two friends, to the right, sat a rather elderly French Abbé,* whose head, to the infinite consolation of Hemmstoff, was even more scantily strewn with locks than his own. According to the prevailing character of the French ministers, this was a jovial, free-thinking man, by no means dead to the joys of this life in consequence of his monastic education, but who loved his wine, his oysters, and his music—nor did the third article of the Lutheran Catechism seem to be either unknown or unpleasant to him, as appeared by the ecstasy into which the young songstress had thrown him. “*Ah, mon Dieu! qu'elle est belle!*” exclaimed he; here, *garçon*, a bottle of champagne!—to the health of Henrietta.”

To the right of the Abbé was placed a tall thin figure, in a blue coat, with an Order of the Cross in his button-hole. This man's grey though well-dressed hair formed a singular contrast to his red, and at the same time wrinkled, face; the latter quality whereof showed that the owner had exceeded his sixtieth year, notwithstanding he was desirous of passing muster as a dandy of five-and-twenty.† He wore a double lorgnette constantly round his neck—had an opera-glass in his hand—and his cravat was tortured into the elaborate *tie* of an Englishman, who wishes on his visit to the continent to be thought of the *first water*. He was styled by some members of the company *Lieutenant-Colonel*; and to aid his assumption of a consequential air, he minced and muttered his words as if he thought it beneath him to give any body or any thing an in-

telligible answer. It is true, he was not long put to much expense, even of this sort of *conversation*; for the seat beside him was taken by the manager of the theatre,‡ an intelligent and agreeable man, to whom were addressed, as a matter of course, all questions relating to the charmer of the evening.

There was, however, present, a young man of very interesting exterior, who was seated at the bottom of the table, and who, wrapped in utter silence, still paid attention, as he sipped his wine, to the discourse of the individuals surrounding him. He could not be a native of the capital, or indeed a resident there of any long standing, as neither of the guests already mentioned (who piqued themselves upon knowing every body, who was any body) were acquainted with his name or rank, although his whole air and aspect betokened a person of consideration.

The discourse naturally turned on the opera; and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. Hence, the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) when it was suddenly checked by the manager rising, and politely calling upon the young stranger to favour the company with his opinion.

“Most willingly,” was the reply; “although I fear I stand but an indifferent chance in the society of so many enlightened connoisseurs. In my estimation, the *debutante* is endowed with irresistible grace, and with a voice at once melodious and full of sentiment; her execution, also, is blameless; but she evinces little taste in the selection of her operas, and still less in that of the theatre|| whereat she performs (here our friend

* M. B.—, now in England.

† The Chevalier Von Treikow.

‡ Von Holter.

|| The “*Königstadter Theater*” is a sort of minor theatre of Berlin, situate in one of the *fauxbourgs* of the capital. It is limited to the performance of second-rate pieces, or such (of a better order) as have been already acted a full twelvemonth at the two great houses. Mademoiselle Sontag's engagement there was extremely lucrative, being understood to amount to 10,000 Prussian dollars a-year—almost an *unheard-of* salary in Germany.

the manager was all attention), which is well known to have no higher ambition than that of money-getting, however it be compassed. In this point Signora Henrietta must certainly be held to have squared her views with those of the sordid multitude in no very worthy manner."

The stranger was silent, and the company seemed disposed to continue so; the Lieutenant-Colonel, it is true, whilst he picked his teeth, muttered some unintelligible words between them, as if he would have spoken out, but durst not; and the manager seemed too much taken aback by the *truth* of the imputation to be provided with an apt rejoinder. The Abbé was the first to recover his voice, and said, having previously moistened his palate with a glass of champagne—"I love the gentleman's enthusiasm, and disesteem of sordid motives. I, too, have myself a preference for nobler pleasures! Here, *garçon*, a couple dozen more oysters."

Just at this moment, the night-watch proclaimed the eleventh hour, and spite of the pathetic remonstrances of the Abbé, the party made preparations for breaking up. I shall leave them to put these duly in execution, and introduce my reader to another scene.

The first visit I paid next morning was to the house of the beautiful Caroline,* who had hitherto ranked as the *prima donna* of the K— Theatre. This amiable young lady exhibited a complete picture of the mingled workings of rage, jealousy, and disappointment, at intervals relieved by a passionate flow of tears. I strove to console her, in vain; nor was it until the entrance of her bosom friend Auguste,† the first actress, that she began to rally. A consultation ensued as to the most effectual means for interrupting the progress and thwarting the success of the hated *novelty*. The only hand whose extension appeared likely to save the mourning Caroline, was that of criti-

cism; and the twain lost no time, therefore, in pitching upon a select few of its professors to enlist in their favour; and, with the view of securing the full co-operation of these, they determined to relax in a great degree that haughtiness and reserve wherewith they had accustomed themselves to treat the gentlemen of the press.

Thus had the lovely songstress's appearance put in motion a double train of feelings—those of adulation and envy: the shallow-minded eulogies of the one, and mean injustice of the other, are alike disgusting; and we turn with pleasure from both to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure, and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was any thing but congenial. She was conscious that the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indelicate to true feminine feeling: but circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise) tended greatly to overcome this sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the *appearance* than the *reality* of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of the critics, who (probably because they knew nothing of music) seemed to prefer decanting in no measured terms upon her *personal* accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed, all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular train it will not be difficult to imagine that our friends the orators of the Restaurateur were duly numbered, including *the young man* (of whom the rest

* Caroline Seidler.

† Augusta Stick.

knew no more than we did). He spoke but little, although a sarcastic smile now and then curled his lip: by Henrietta he was uniformly well received—but this courtesy was not extended to him by his fellow admirers, who, indeed, appeared alone withheld by fear (inspired by his evident decision of character) from treating the stranger rudely. Nothing further could be gathered respecting him than that he was a young musician, by name Werner; and he was, as we have before observed, of superior presence, although his dress betrayed not the man of opulence.

One morning, the party assembled in Henrietta's saloon, were engaged in discourse respecting the journals of the day, and the criticisms they contained, which (judging from a certain tone of asperity, and even banter, regarding our songstress) had imbibed the poison dealt out by the rival queens, when the Lieutenant-Colonel, who had been looking out of the window through his lorgnette, exclaimed—"My honoured friends, I have to announce Lord Monday;"* and his lordship immediately after ascended the stairs—a succession of coarse oaths resounding, the cause of which nobody knew. Without waiting to be announced, he burst into the room—his huge mantle hanging over his shoulders. "Good morning, most adorable!" was his first exclamation: "how have you slept?"

"I am obliged by your lordship's inquiries," answered the somewhat embarrassed Henrietta. "Louise, a chair."

"Oh, never mind," said the peer, "I will sit upon the sofa;" and he forthwith stretched himself thereon at full length—but his cloak embarrassing him, he hurled it, with a dignified God damn, upon a chair, near which stood a side-board, full charged with coffee-cups; his lordship's aim was unsteady, and down went the apparatus.

The whole room was now in confusion; Henrietta looked terrified;

the gentlemen busied themselves in assisting the servants to remove the broken china; and the lord gave his aid in the shape of stamping and cursing. Henrietta, on observing one of the fragments, uttered a half-suppressed exclamation of regret, which struck in a moment the ready ear of Werner, who looked extremely indignant at the whole transaction. "What is the matter?" said he.

"Oh, nothing," replied Henrietta, endeavouring to brighten up, "except that my poor departed sister's favourite cup is amongst the wreck, and that gave me a momentary pang."

The Englishman caught these words, although uttered in a low tone; and thinking perhaps that they demanded some notice, cried out—"Never mind, beauteous Henrietta, I will pay you for the cups threefold. You shall have a dozen for every one—far more handsome."

Werner looked very much inclined to chastise this coarse presumer on his rank; but his rising passion was checked by a few deprecating words which the lady contrived to say to him apart.

The company was now on the point of resuming their seats, when there arose a general exclamation of—"Here comes Count Regenbogen,"† who in a moment or two entered the saloon.

Count Regenbogen was held to be the most polite and well-dressed cavalier at the court of Berlin. Nobody had a more stylish head of hair; his perfumes were all procured direct from the French capital; his boots and shoes were uniformly made at Vienna—his coats at Paris—his nether-garments and surtouts at London. Even at the very first period of the morning (namely, about 12 o'clock) on lifting himself out of bed, he was elegant! and the report went, that he absolutely slept in two waist-coats, and a cravat of the finest mixture—a *l'incroyable*! and that, for greater luxury, he was accustomed to dress his hair himself in bed, for

* Lord C—m.

† Regenbogen (rainbow)—Count Arnim.

which purpose a sheet of looking-glass was affixed to the top ! It was also rumoured, on the authority of his lawyer, that he had made provision in his will for being buried *en habit habillé*—deeming it unbecoming to appear at the day of judgment otherwise than full dressed.

This notable gentleman was assiduously paying his devoirs to the assemblage, amongst whom he used particular attention to my lord, when his brilliant nothings were interrupted by the stalking in of a very ghastly apparition, which bore some resemblance to M. Brückbaner, director of the K— Opera. A universal exclamation ensued upon his entrance—the more particularly as his garments displayed some stains of blood.

“Good heavens !” said Henrietta, “what is the meaning of this ?”

“God damn it !” cried the Englishman, “a duel.”

“Let me breathe, dearest lady,” said Brückbaner, “and you shall learn the cause. Never, surely, was any director of a theatre at once so gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes. I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to-morrow’s opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learnt that one only was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if with one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it : a dispute arose ; we tried to interfere, but in vain ! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together : both were practised fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hailstones ! Nor had more than a minute scarcely passed, before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of his sword

into the ticket, and retired with his dearly-bought prize.”*

“And the wounded officer ?” demanded Henrietta.

“They were taking him to his barracks,” answered the director.

“God damn it !” cried my lord, “this affair merited to have taken place in London.”

“Yes,” exclaimed Werner, emphatically, “in *Bedlam* !”

Lord Monday fidgeted about in evident annoyance at having no ready rejoinder, and would in all probability have sought refuge in some brutal vulgarity, had not a fresh occurrence attracted universal attention. The beautiful songstress herself, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance ; and his lordship, anxious to show himself forward in the business, cried—“Her corset must be loosened !” Werner, however, pushed him unceremoniously aside, and, with Louisa’s aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately, and addressing the company, said—“The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants ; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example.” With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

My lord now inquired of Regembogen—“Tell me, who is that impudent fellow, who acts here as if he were master of the house ?”

“Who can be supposed to know every *mauvais sujet* ?” answered Regembogen, somewhat drily ; “but come,” continued he, “doubtless we dine together at his Serene Highness’s ?”

“Certainly,” replied Monday ; and they quitted the house, as did likewise the remainder of the party, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta’s sudden disorder when they

* Matter-of-fact.

reached the street, namely, that the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves had experienced on viewing the body of Maulbeere* carried out of the cashier's house (opposite which she resided) rendered her for some time speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded officer, which the servant was enabled to answer, through the attention of Werner (who had meanwhile made inquiries) satisfactorily. The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and favoured with an interview in the evening, as he had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with, and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at the moment engaged in reading, and every thing around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp. "I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor. "Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it—and through it I became acquainted with you."

"Ah, Jean Paul's *Titian*," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same; and I now peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circum-

stances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth, taking her hand, was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come, I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced: but a chord had been touched, which ceased not to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of firs on my right. Ay," continued she, "I could even paint the stone whereon I found your open book, and, curious (woman-like), took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgetfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me! What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favourite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other." Ere we had reached it, I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in *the world*, and what in *your heart*; whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they

* Moliere, an officer of artillery.

did not wish to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it; Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of the glittering splendour wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides, could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of a governess, and that of mere *companion* would only be a change for the worse! The *labour of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honourable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted herself, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaning her head upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said—"Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and your's. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?" She answered not, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were starting, full upon him, sunk upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which, Henrietta was to

bid farewell to public life, taking her leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would probably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects: that, meanwhile, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the University. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made; and Henrietta, now fully contracted to Werner, resolutely declined the gallantry of her host of other beaux, who, at length perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced, when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the syren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonies of respect to the fair songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured—and hence it was announced that no pay-office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert-day, a visitor was announced to Henrietta—Count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learnt with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to inquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert-room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by this compliment on the part of the Count; but assured his Excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as, literally speaking, every place had been long engaged.

The Count expressed great morti-

fication on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta, smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

This offer was made with so much grace and modesty, that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating herself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The Count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it, said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer; and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning, Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:—"My daughter, Fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favour of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt: but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered—"I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and ill would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She

then inquired the necessary sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!" His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced. After some mutual passages of ceremony, the Count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:—

"I am not a man of many words; nor will I now attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our Prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, Count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false light. The Prince will avow that he not only loves but also honours you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat: her bosom heaved tumultuously: she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it him—"I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift;" and the starting tears prevented further speech.

The Count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed—"Well, then, I will proceed to unfold to you the whole of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," answered she: "I dare not—I will not hear you!"

"You dare! you must! The Prince anticipated your reply, and

was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the state forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign, to resign in favour of his brother; and, in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to the private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the *wife of my prince*."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said—"Count, I am indeed grateful for *this* proposal, and I honour and esteem the party from whom it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be *desirous* to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me farther!"

The Count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion, he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried—"Noble, excellent girl! come to my heart! You shall be my *daugh-*

ter!" and, at the same moment, the door sprang open, and Werner, rushing toward the old man, exclaimed—"Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The young Count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, as might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happiness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had, indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendour;—and that our old friends of the *Restaurateur*, &c., being each necessitated to *sink the admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

THE MINISTER'S BEAT.

I WAS once a sportsman!—the grouse upon a thousand hills have sealed the truth of my assertion with their blood; and did the ghosts of partridges ever "revisit the glimpses of the moon," the air for miles round X— would be blackened with the shades of my victims. It is true, I am now by way of disdaining (somewhat after the manner of the fox who disliked grapes) the rude and boisterous sports of the field; yet, with autumn, never fails to revive some relic of the slumbering propensity;

"Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

Within a few days I have taken

down, examined, and shouldered my two guns, long the envy and admiration of the happy boys for whom, at a riper age, they are destined, and have satisfied myself that the lightest is a burden which my feeble arm refuses—even were it steady enough to take successful aim at an elephant. I have felt all last week a sensible enlargement and painful acuteness in my organs of destructiveness: although my ignorant old housekeeper says it is only the ear-ach, and has prescribed a thicker night-cap; in short, I have internal, as well as external evidence that the sporting season has arrived, and I found my-

self, on waking last Saturday, instinctively whistling,—

"And a-hunting we will go."

But where can a veletudinarian on his pony safely take his pastime on a murderous 1st of September? I could not ride through the fields without spoiling sport for others, nor through hedge-row lanes, without danger of getting a random shot myself; so the high road became my only resource, and a very sad one it is, as every lover of shade, and hater of dust, can testify.

One advantage, however, it had over more privileged haunts; it held out hopes of a companion; and, strange to say, through long habit has made solitude, in every other form, not only tolerable, but delightful, I never could bear riding alone. The man who gallops in pursuit of pleasure or of business, can afford to do so; he has excitement within to spur him on, and grudges even the casual encounter with a less rapid traveller. But he who, with nerves unstrung, and limbs enfeebled, finds himself restrained within the precincts of an amble, with no stimulus save duty, and no object save health, (if health his negative state of existence can be called,) is much indebted to the brother pilgrim who beguiles with social chat the tedium of the way.

Last Saturday was just such a cloudless, windless, faultlessly monotonous sort of day as the 1st of September, as it affects the happiness of thousands of his Majesty's subjects, ought to be; such a day as disposed Dumble to fall asleep on his legs, and as would have made me infallibly follow his example, but for the incessant popping (resembling in more ways than one a regiment at field practice) which was kept up all around me, and but for my rencounter about a mile from home with the worthy minister of the parish, just returned from a six weeks tour, of very unwonted recreation, in a distant part of the country.

Our meeting was a very joyful and cordial one; for among the many

who, in our privileged land, feed with no hireling measure of zeal and tenderness the flocks whom they love as their own soul, Mr. Monteith ever shone conspicuous. I never saw simplicity in lovelier union with energy than in his pure and primitive character. The innocence of the dove was in all his own intercourse with the world; the wisdom and vigilance of the serpent he kept for the concerns of his parishioners, to whom his word was law, and his counsel the voice of inspiration. He preached nothing that he did not practise, as far as consistent endeavours, and higher aid, can carry frail mortality. If this standard of virtue seemed awful in the pulpit, his example made it everywhere else easy and alluring. He taught his people "how to abound," by sharing his scanty stipend with all who needed it; and "how to suffer loss," by burying four promising children with the sorrow that is akin to hope.

His mind, embued with all the higher elements of poetry and romance, would have soared often "beyond this visible diurnal sphere," had it not been retained in its humble but more useful orbit by the practical good sense of his twenty years helpmate, and the practical duties of his beloved vocation. The latent fire of imagination, tempered as it was by judgment, and sobered by experience, would, however, sometimes break forth; and when, in the very spirit of him who was caught up into the third heaven, Monteith sought to draw his hearers thither, fancy lent him imagery whose fount was evidently not of this world. He spoke of a better world with the familiarity of a denizen, and the longings of an absentee; with all the feelings, in short, of a sojourner, but neither an unwilling nor impatient one, among the passing scenes of earth. In these, indeed, few found such vivid, because few such unalloyed enjoyment. He never expected from them what they could not yield; he never sought for his soul's nurture in the fading flowers of time; but

tempered with their perishable produce a fleeting edifice of earthly comfort, which he might store at leisure with the incorruptible manna of the skies. No man was more easily amused—"pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw." And why?—just because he knew and felt them to be straws and feathers all the while. In short, with old and young, with grave and gay, with saint and sinner, Mr. Menteith was an universal favourite. His worth was so genuine, his piety so unaffected, his cheerfulness so contagious, and his gravity so interesting, that I never saw him enter a room without a cordial welcome, or leave it without sincere regret.

His bland and delightful smile, at all times peculiarly winning, struck me on our present meeting as unusually irresistible; his pale, serene countenance, was enlivened with the excitement of travel, and the joy of return. "It was really worth while," he said, "to leave you all, that I might know the happiness of coming home. Mary, they say, was like a creature demented when I was away, and I am sure she is little better yet. She sets both elbow-chairs for me instead of one, and sugars my tea twice, out of very exuberance of affection. The children are quite as light-headed as their mother. Johnny brings me his fractions, and asks me how I think he gets on his Greek; and as for little Jessy, (she has marked her sampler all over with huge P's for papa,) she came to let me hear her new hymns with such a broad grin on her face, that I was obliged to give her a kiss, and stop her psalmody till a fitter season.

"And the crops, Mr. Francis," continued he, "did you ever see such abundance on the face of the earth? a kind compensation, truly, for the drought and scarcity of last year. I asked Mary how she managed to get my harvest down so cleverly; for, though an excellent housewife, she has little skill in husbandry. 'Good man,' said she, (and the tear filled her eye as she told it

me,) 'your corn was no sooner ripe than there came more shearers to your harvest-rig than would have cut down half the parish. They came unbidden and unfed. They cut your corn with songs and shouts of joy; and when I forced upon them the ale they would hardly accept, they drank your health and happy return, till I could scarce find voice to thank them. John Wilson the elder has dressed your turnips, and a' the lasses in the parish hoed your potatoes; and as for fish, Watty Garthtine swore if the Provost o' Edinburgh should want haddies, the Manse should aye be weel supplied.' Is it not a blessed thing, Mr. Francis," asked the worthy minister, kindling as he spoke, "to have one's poor services thus appreciated, and return thus among one's own people?"

"It is more blessed still to give than to receive," answered I, in his own strain; "and repay as they may, these good folks must ever remain your debtors."

This, however sincerely and quietly spoken, was enough to bring a blush over his modest countenance. "I am just about," said he, "requiting the courtesy of my friends of all ranks, in the coin they like best, viz. a round of friendly visits; and as far as our roads lie together, you will perhaps go with me. You are a bad visitor, I know, Mr. Frank; but most of my calls will be, where forms are unknown, and etiquette dispensed with."

I am indeed a bad visitor, which, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, means no visitor at all; but I own the temptation of seeing my worthy friend's reception, and the hope of coming in for a share at least of the cordial welcome he was sure to call forth, overcame my scruples; especially as in cottages and farm-steadings there is generally something to be learned even during a morning call; some trait of unsophisticated nature to be smiled at, or some sturdy lesson of practical wisdom to be treasured for future use.

"We had not ridden far when my companion, turning up a pretty rough cart-road, leading to a large farm-house on the right, said, with an arch smile, "I love what our superstitious forefathers would esteem a lucky beginning even to a morning's ride, and am glad ours commences with a wedding visit. Peter Bandster has taken a wife in my absence, and I must go and call him to account, for defrauding me of the ploy. Have you heard anything, Mr. Francis about the bride?"

More than I could wish, thinks I to myself; for my old duenna, who indemnifies herself for my lack of hospitality, by assiduous frequentation of all marriages, christenings, and gossipings abroad, had deaved me for the last three weeks with philippics about this unlucky wedding. The folly of Peter in marrying above his own line; the ignorance of the bride, who scarce knew lint-yarn from tow, or bear from barley: her unpardonable accomplishments of netting purses and playing on the spinnet; above all, her plated candlesticks, flounced gown, and fashionable bonnet, had furnished Hannah with inexhaustible matter for that exercise of the tongue which the Scots call "rhyming," and the English, "ringing the changes;" to which, as to all other noises, custom can alone render one insensible.

I had no mind to damp the minister's benevolent feelings towards the couple, and contented myself with answering, that I heard the bride was both bonnie and braw. The good man shook his head. "We have an old proverb, and a true one," said he,—"a bonnie bride is sune buskit;" but I have known gawdy butterflies cast their painted wings, and become excellent housewives in the end."

"But there stands Peter—no very blithe bridegroom, methinks!" said I, as my eyes rested on the tall and usually jolly young farmer, musing disconsolately in his cattle-yard over what appeared to be the body of a dead cow. He started on seeing the

minister, as if ashamed of his sorrow or its cause, and came forward to meet us, struggling to adapt his countenance a little better to his circumstances. "Well, Peter," said the minister, frankly extending his hand, and so I am to wish you joy! I thought when I gave you your name, five-and-twenty years ago, if it pleased God to spare me, to have given you your helpmate also; but what signifies it by whom the knot is tied, if true love and the blessing of God go with it? Nay, never hang your head, Peter; but tell me, before we beat up the young gude-wife's quarters, what you were leaning over so wae-like when we rode forward."

"Odd, sir!" cried Peter, reddening up, "it wasna the value o' the beast, though she was the best cow in my mother's byre; but the way I lost her, that pat me a wee out o' tune. My Jessie (for I maunna ca' her gudewife, it seems, nor mistress neither,) is an ill guide o' kye, ay, and what's waur, o' lasses. We had a tea drinking last night, nae doubt, as new-married folk should; and what for no?—I'se warrant my mith-er had them too in her daft days. But she didna keep the house asteer the haill night wi' fiddles and dancin', and it neither new-year nor handsel-Mononday, nor she didna lie in her bed till aught or nine o'clock, as my Jess does, na, nor yet——"

"But what has all this to do with the loss of your cow, Peter?"

"Ower muckle, sir, ower muckle. The lasses and lads likeit reels as weel as their mistress, and whisky a hantle better. They a' sleepit in, and mysell among the lave. Nae mortal ever lookit the airt that pair Blue Bell was in, and her at the very calving; and this morning, when the byre-door was opened, she was lying stiff and stark, wi' a dead calf beside her. It's no the cow, sir, (though it was but the last market I had the offer o' fifteen pund for her,) it's the thought that she was sae sair forwarded amang me and my Jess, and her tawpies o' lasses."

"Come, come, Peter," said the

good minister, "you seem to have been as much to blame as the rest; and as for your young town bride, she maun creep, as the auld wives say, before she can gang. Country thrift can no more be learnt in a day than town breeding; and of that your wife, they say, has her share."

"Ower muckle may be," was the half-muttered reply, as he marshalled us into the house. The *ben* end of the old-fashioned farm-house, which, during the primitive sway of Peter's mother, had exhibited the usual decorations of an *amrie*, a clock, and a pair of press-beds, with a clean swept ingle, and carefully sanded floor, had undergone a metamorphosis not less violent than some of Ovid's or Harlequin's. The *amrie* had given place to a satin-wood work-table, the clock to a mirror, and the press-beds (whose removal no one could regret) to that object of Hannah's direst vituperations, the piano-forte; while the fire-place revelled in all the summer luxury of elaborately twisted shavings, and the once sanded floor was covered with an already soiled and faded carpet, to whose delicate colours, Peter, fresh from the clay furrows, and his two sheep-dogs dripping from the pond, had nearly proved equally fatal.

In this sanctum sanctorum sat the really pretty bride, in all the dignity of outraged feeling which ignorance of life, and a lavish perusal of romances could inspire, on witnessing the first cloud on her usually good-natured husband's brow. She hastily cleared up her ruffled looks, gave the minister a cordial, though somewhat affected welcome, and dropped me a curtsy which twenty years rustication enabled me very inadequately to return.

The good pastor bent on this new lamb of his fold a benignant yet searching glance, and seemed watching where, amid the fluent small talk which succeeded, he might edge in a word of playful yet serious import to the happiness of the youthful pair. The bride was stretching forth her hand with all the dignity of her new

station, to ring the bell for cake and wine, when Peter, (whose spleen was evidently waiting for a vent,) hastily starting up, cried out, "Mistress! if ye're ower grand to serve the minister yourself, there's ane 'll be proud to do't. There shall nae quean fill a glass for him in this house while it ca's me master. My mither wad hae served him on her bended knees, gin he wad hae let her; and ye think it ower muckle to bring ben the bridal bread to him! Oh, Jess, Jess! I canna awa' wi' your town ways and town airs!"

The bride coloured and pouted; but there gathered a large drop in her eye, and the pastor hailed it as an earnest of future concession. He took her hand kindly, and put it into Peter's not reluctant one.—"'Spring showers make May flowers,' my dear lassie, says the old proverb, and I trust out o' these little clouds will spring your future happiness. You, Jessy, have chosen an honest, worthy, kind-hearted, country husband, whose love will be well worth the sacrifice of a few second-handed graces—And you, Peter, have taken for better and for worse, a lassie, in whose eye, in spite of foreign airs, I read a heart to be won by kindness. Bear, and forbear, my dear bairns—let each be apter to yield than the other to exact. You are both travelling to a better country—'See that ye fall not out by the way.'"

The bride by this time was sobbing, and Peter's stout heart evidently softened. So leaving the pair to seal their reconciliation in this favourable mood, the good minister and I mounted our horses, and rode off without farther parley.

We were just turning the corner of the loan to regain the high road, when a woman from a cottage in an adjoining field, came running to intercept us. There was in her look a wildness bordering on distraction, but it was evidently of no painful kind. She seemed like one not recovered from the first shock of some delightful surprise, too much for the frail fabric of mortality to bear with-

out tottering to its very foundations. The minister checked his horse, whose bridle she grasped convulsively, panting partly from fatigue, and more from emotion, endeavouring, but vainly, to give utterance to the tidings with which her bosom laboured. Twice she looked up, shook her head, and was silent; then with a strong effort faltered out, "He's come back!—the Lord be praised for it!"—

"Who is come back, Jenny?" said the pastor, in the deepest tone of sympathy,—"Is it little Andrew, ye mean?"

"Andrew!!!" echoed the matron, with an expression of contempt, which at any other time this favourite grandchild would have been very far from calling forth,—"Andrew!!! Andrew's father, I mean my ain first-born son, Jamie, that I wore mournings for till they would wear nae langer, and thought lying fifty fathoms down in solid ice, in yon wild place Greenland, or torn to pieces wi' savage bears, like the mocking bairns in Scripture—He's yonder!" said she, wildly pointing to the house; "he's yonder living, and living like; and O, gin ye wad come, and maybe speak a word in season to us, we might be better able to praise the Lord, as is his due."

We turned our horses' heads, and followed her, as she ran, or rather flew, towards the cottage with the instinct of some animal long separated from its offspring. The little boy before mentioned ran out to hold our horses, and whispered as the minister stooped to stroke his head, "Daddy's come home frae the sea."

The scene within the cottage baffles description. The old mother, exhausted with her exertion, had sunk down beside her son, on the edge of the bed on which he was sitting, where his blind and bed-ridden father lay, and clasped his withered hands in speechless prayer. His lips continued to move, unconscious of our presence, and ever and anon he stretched forth a feeble arm to ascertain the actual vicinity of his long-

mourned son. On a low stool, before the once gay and handsome, but now frost-nipt and hunger-worn mariner, sat his young wife, her hand firmly clasped in his, her fixed eye riveted on his countenance, giving no other sign of life than a convulsive pressure of the former, or a big drop descending unwiped from the latter; while her unemployed hand was plucking quite mechanically the badge of widowhood from her duffle cloak, which (having just reached home as her husband knocked at his father's door) was yet lying across her knee. The poor sailor gazed on all around him with somewhat of a bewildered air, but most of all upon a rosy creature between his knees, of about a year and half old, born just after his departure, and who had only learned the sad word "Daddy," from the childish prattle of his older brother Andrew, and his sisters. Of these, one had been summoned, wild and bare-legged, from the herding, the other meek and modest from the village school. The former, idle and intractable, half shrunk in fear of her returned parent's well-remembered strictness; the other, too young not to have forgotten his person, only wondered whether this was the Father in Heaven of whom she had heard so often. She did not think it could be so, for there was no grief or trouble there, and this father looked as if he had seen much of both.

Such was the group to whose emotions, almost too much for human nature, our entrance gave a turn.—"Jamie," said the good pastor, (gently pressing the still united hands of the mariner, and his faithful Annie,) "You are welcome back from the gates of death and the perils of the deep. Well is it said, that they who go down to the sea in ships see more of the wonders of the Lord than other men; but it was not from storm and tempests alone that you have been delivered—cold and famine, want and nakedness,—wild beasts to devour, and darkness to dismay,—these have been around your dreary path—but He that was

with you, was mightier than all that were against you ; and you are returned a living man to tell the wondrous tale. Let us praise the Lord, my friends, for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men."—We all knelt down and joined in the brief but fervent prayer that followed. The stranger's heart-felt sigh of sympathy mingled with the pastor's pious orisons, with the feeble accents of decrepitude, the lisp of wondering childhood, the soul-felt piety of rescued manhood, and the deep, unutterable gratitude of a wife and mother's heart !

For such high-wrought emotions prayer is the only adequate channel. They found vent in it, and were calmed and subdued to the level of ordinary intercourse. The minister kindly addressed Jamie, and drew forth, by his judicious questions, the leading features of that marvellous history of peril and privations, endured by the crew of a Greenland ship detained a winter on the ice, with which all are now familiar, but of which a Parry or a Franklin can perhaps alone appreciate the horrors. They were related with a simplicity that did them ample justice.

"I never despaired, sir," said the hardy Scotsman ; "we were young and stout. Providence, aye when at the worst, did us some gude turn, and this kept up our hearts. We had mostly a' wives or mithers at hame, and ken't that prayers wadna be wanting for our safety ; and little as men may think o' them on land, or even at sea on a prosperous voyage,—a winter at the Pole makes prayers precious. We had little to do but sleep ; and oh, the nights were lang ! I was aye a great dreamer ; and, ye maunna be angry, sir, (to the minister) the seeing Annie and the bairns amais ilka time I lay down, and aye braw and buskit, did mair to keep up my hopes than a' the rest. I never could see wee Jamie, though," said he, smiling, and kissing the child on his knee ; "I saw a cradle weel enough, but the face o' the bit creature in't I never

could mak' out, and it vexed me ; for whiles I thought my babe was dead, and whiles I feared it had never been born ; but God he praised he's here, and no that unlike mysell, neither."

"Annie !" said the minister, gently loosing her renewed grasp of Jamie's hand, "you are forgetting your duty as a gudewife—we maun drink to Jamie's health and happiness ere we go—we'll steal a glass or two out of old Andrew's cordial bottle ; a drop of this day's joy will be better to him than it a'."

"Atweel, that's true," said the old father, with a distinctiveness of utterance, and acuteness of hearing, he had not manifested for many months. The bottle was brought, the health of the day went round ; I shook the weather-beaten sailor warmly by the hand, and begging leave to come and hear more of his story at a fitter season, followed the minister to the door.

"Andrew," said he, giving the little patient equerry a bright new shpence ; "tell your daddy I gave you this for being a dutiful son to your mother when he was at the sea." The child's eye glistened as he ran in to execute the welcome command, and we rode off, our hearts too full for much communication.

The day was advancing. These two scenes had encroached deeply on the privileged hours for visiting, and the minister, partly to turn the account of our thoughts into a less agitating channel, partly to balance the delights of the last hour with their due counterpoise of alloy, suggested the propriety of going next to pay at the house of his patron, the laird of the parish, the visit of duty and ceremony, which his late return, and a domestic affliction in the family, rendered indispensable. There were reasons which made my going equally proper and disagreeable ; and formal calls being among the many evils which are lightened by participation, I gladly availed myself of the shelter of the minister's name and company.

Mr. Morison, of Castle Morison, was one of those spoiled children of fortune, whom in her cruel kindness she renders miserable. He had never known contradiction, and a straw across his path made him chafe like a resisted torrent; he had never known sorrow, and was, consequently, but half acquainted with joy; he was a stranger to compassion, and, consequently, himself an object of pity to all who could allow for the force of early education in searing and hardening the human heart. He had, as a boy, made his mother tremble; it is little to be wondered that in manhood he was the tyrant of his wife and children. Mrs. Morison's spirit, originally gentle, was soon broken, and if her heart was not equally so, it was because she learned reluctantly to despise her tyrant, and found compensation in the double portion of affection bestowed on her by her son and daughters. For the latter, Mr. Morison manifested only contempt. There was not a horse in his stable, nor a dog in his kennel, which did not engross more of his attention; but like the foxes and hares which it was the business of these favourite animals to hunt down, girls could be made to afford no bad sport in a rainy day. It was no wonder, that with them fear usurped the place of reverence for such a parent. If they did not hate him, they were indebted to their mother's piety and their own sweet dispositions; and if they neither hated nor envied their only brother, it was not the fault of him, who, by injudicious distinctions and blind indulgence, laid the foundation for envy and all uncharitableness in their youthful bosoms. In that of his favourite they had the usual effect of generating self-will and rebellion; and while Jane and Agnes, well knowing nothing they did would be thought right, rarely erred from the path of duty, Edmund, aware that he could scarce do wrong, took care his privileges should not rust for want of exercise.

But though suffered in all minor

matters to follow the dictates of caprice, to laugh at his tutor, lame the horse, and break rules (to all others those of the Medes and Persians) with impunity, he found himself suddenly reined up in his headlong career by an equally capricious parent, precisely at the period when restraint was nearly forgotten, and peculiarly irksome. It was tacitly agreed by both parties, that the heir of Castle Morison could only go into the army; but while the Guards, or a dragoon regiment, was the natural enough ambition of Edmund, Morison was suddenly seized with a fit of contradiction, which he chose to style economy, and talked of a marching regiment, with perhaps an extra £100 per annum to the undoubted heir of nearly ten thousand a-year. Neither would yield—the one had taught, the other learned, stubbornness; and Edmund, backed by the sympathy of the world, and the clamours of his companions, told his father he had changed his mind, and was going to India with a near relation, about to proceed to Bombay in a high official character.

Morison had a peculiar prejudice against the East, and a personal pique towards the cousin to whose patronage Edmund had betaken himself. His rage was as boundless as his former partiality, and the only consolation his poor wife felt when her darling son left his father's house, alike impenitent and unblest, was, that her boy's disposition was originally good, and would probably recover the ascendant; and that it was out of the power of her husband to make his son a beggar as well as an exile. The estate was strictly entailed, and the knowledge of this, while it embittered Morison's sense of his son's disobedience, no doubt strengthened the feeling of independence so natural to headstrong youth.

While Morison was perverting legal ingenuity, in vain hopes of being able to disinherit his refractory heir, his unnatural schemes were anticipated by a mightier agent. An epidemic fever carried off in one short

month, (about two years after his quitting England,) the unreconciled, but no longer unconciliatory exile, and his young and beautiful bride, the daughter of his patron, his union with whom had been construed, by the causeless antipathy of his father, into a fresh cause of indignation. Death, whose cold hand loosens this world's grasp, and whose deep voice stills this world's strife, only tightens the bonds of nature, and teaches the stormiest spirits to part in *peace*. Edmund lived to write to his father a few lines of undissembled and unconditional penitence; to own, that if the path of duty had been rugged, he had in vain sought happiness beyond it, and to entreat that the place he had forfeited in his father's favour might be transferred to his unoffending child.

All this had been conveyed to Mr. Menteith and myself by the voice of rumour some days before, and we had been more shocked than surprised to learn that Morison's resentment had survived its object, and that he disclaimed all intention of ever seeing or receiving the infant boy who, it was gall to him to reflect, must inherit his estate. Mrs. Morison had exerted, to soften his hard heart, all the little influence she ever possessed. Her tender soul yearned towards her Edmund's child; and sometimes the thought of seeking a separation, and devoting herself to rear it, crossed her despairing mind. But her daughters were a tie still more powerful to her unhappy home. She could neither leave them, unprotected, to its discomforts, nor conscientiously advise their desertion of a parent, however unworthy; so she wandered, a paler and sadder inmate than before of her cold and stately mansion, and her fair, subdued-looking daughters shuddered as they passed the long-locked doors of their brother's nursery and school-room.

The accounts of young Morison's death had arrived since the good pastor's departure, and it was with feelings of equal sympathy towards

the female part of the family, and sorrow for the unchristian frame of its head, that he prepared for our present visit. As we rode up the old strait avenue, I perceived a post-chaise at the door, and instead of shrinking from this probable accession of strangers, felt that any addition to the usually constrained and gloomy family-circle, must be a relief. On reaching the door, we were struck with a very unusual appendage to the dusty and travel-stained vehicle, in the shape of an ancient, venerable-looking Asiatic, in the dress of his country, beneath whose ample muslin folds he might easily have been mistaken for an old female nurse, a character which, in all its skill and tenderness, was amply sustained by this faithful and attached Oriental. His broken English, and passionate gestures, excited our attention, already awakened by the singularity of his costume and appearance; and as we got close to him, the big tears which rolled over his sallow and furrowed cheeks, powerfully called forth our sympathy, and told, better than words, his forcible exclusion from the splendid mansion which had reluctantly admitted within its precincts the child dearer to him than country and kindred!

Our visit (had it borne less of a pastoral character) had all the appearance of being very ill timed. There were servants running to and fro in the hall, and loud voices in the dining-room; and, from a little parlour on one side the front door, issued female sobs, mingled with infant wailings in an unknown dialect.

"Thank God!" whispered the minister, "the bairn is fairly in the house. Providence and nature will surely do the rest."

It was not a time to intrude abruptly, so we sent in our names to Mr. Morison, and during our pretty long detention on horseback, could not avoid seeing in at the open window of the parlour before-mentioned, a scene which it grieved us to think was only witnessed by ourselves.

Mrs. Morison was sitting in a

chair, (on which she had evidently sunk down powerless,) with her son's orphan boy on her knee, the bright dark eyes of the little wild unearthly-looking creature fixed in steadfast gaze on her pale matronly countenance. "No cry, Mama Englise," said the child, as her big tears rolled unheeded on his bosom—"Billy Edmund will be welly welly good." His youngest aunt, whose keen and long-repressed feelings found vent in sobs of mingled joy and agony, was covering his little hands with showers of kisses, while the elder (his father's favourite sister,) was comparing behind him the rich dark locks that clustered in his neck, with the locket which, since Edmund's departure, had dwelt next her heart.

A message from the laird summoned us from this affecting sight, and, amid the pathetic intreaties of the old Oriental, that we would restore his nursling, we proceeded to the dining-room, made aware of our approach to it by the still storming, though half-suppressed imprecations of its hard-hearted master. He was pacing in stern and moody agitation through the spacious apartment. His welcome was evidently extorted, and his face (to use a strong Scripture expression) set as a flint against the voice of remonstrance and exhortation, for which he was evidently prepared. My skilful coadjutor went quite another way to work. "Mr. Morison," said he, apparently unconscious of the poor man's pitiable state of mind, "I came to condole, but I find it is my lot to congratulate. The Lord hath taken away with the one hand, but it has been to give with the other. His blessing be with you and your son's son, whom he hath sent to be the staff and comfort of your age!" This was said with his usual benign frankness, and the hard heart, which would have silenced admonition and scorned reproof, scarce knew how to repulse the voice of Christian congratulation. He walked about, muttering to himself—"No son of mine—bad breed! Let him go to those who taught his

father disobedience, and his mother artifice!—anywhere they please; there is no room for him here."

"Have you seen your grandchild yet, Mr. Morison?" resumed the minister, nothing daunted by the continued obduracy of the proud laird. "Let me have the joy of putting him into your arms. You must expect to be a good deal overcome; sweet little fellow, there is a strong likeness!"—A shudder passed across the father's hard frame, and he recoiled as from an adder, when worthy Mr. Monteith, gently grasping his arm, sought to draw him, still sullen, though more faintly resisting, towards the other room. A shrill cry of infant agony rose from the parlour as we crossed the hall, and Nature never perhaps exhibited a stronger contrast than presented itself between the cruel old man, struggling to escape from the presence of his grandchild, and the faithful ancient domestic shrieking wildly to be admitted into it.

As I threw open the door for the entrance of the former, little Edmund, whose infant promises of good behaviour had soon given way before the continued society of strangers, was stamping in all the impotence of baby rage, (and in this unhallowed mood too faithful a miniature of both father and grandfather,) and calling loudly for the old Oriental. With the first glance at the door his exclamations redoubled. We began to fear the worst effect from this abrupt introduction; but no sooner had the beautiful boy (beautiful even in passion) cast a second bewildered glance on his still erect and handsome grandfather, than, clapping his little hands, and calling out, "My Bombay Papa!" he flew into his arms!

The servants, concluding the interdict removed by their master's entrance into the apartment, had ceased to obstruct the efforts of the old Hindoo to fly to his precious charge; and while the astonished and fairly overwhelmed Morison's neck was encircled by the infant grasp of his son's orphan boy, his knees were

suddenly embraced by that son's devoted and gray-haired domestic.

One arm of little Edmund was instantly loosened from his grandfather's shoulder, and passed round the neck of the faithful and old Oriental, who kissed alternately the little cherub hand of his nursling, and the hitherto iron one of the proud laird. It softened, and the hard heart with it! It was long since love, pure unsophisticated love, and spontaneous reverence, had been Morison's portion, and they were proportionally sweet. He buried his face in his grandson's clustering ringlets. We heard a groan deep as when rocks are rending, and the earth heaves with long pent-up fires. It was wildly mingling with childish laughter and hysteric bursts of female tenderness, as stealing cautiously and unheeded from the spot, we mounted our horses and rode away.

"God be praised!" said the minister, with a deep-drawn sigh, when, emerging from the gloomy avenue, we regained the cheerful beaten track. "This has been a day of strange dispensations, Mr. Francis—we have seen much together to make us wonder at the ways of Providence, to soften, and I hope improve our hearts. But, after such solemn scenes, mine, and yours I doubt not, also requires something to cheer and lighten it; and I am bound where, if the sight of virtuous happiness can do it, I am sure to succeed. Do let me persuade you to be my companion a little longer, and close this day's visitation at the humble board of, I'll venture to say, the happiest couple in Scotland. I am engaged to christen the first-born of honest Willie Meldrum and his bonny Helen, and to dine, of course, after the ceremony. Mrs. Monteith and the bairns will be there to meet me; and, as my friend, you'll be welcome as the flower in May."

After some slight scruples about intruding on this scene of domestic enjoyment, easily overruled by the hearty assurances of the divine, and my own natural relish for humble

life, we marched towards the farmhouse of Blinkbonnie; and during our short ride, the minister gave me, in a few words, the history of its inmates.

"I don't know, Mr. Francis, if you remember a bonny orphan lassie, called Helen Ormiston, whom my wife took, some years back, into the family, to assist her in the care of the bairns. Helen was come of no ungentle kin; but poverty had sat down heavily on her father and mother, and sunk them into an early grave; and it was a Godsend to poor Helen to get service in a house where poverty would be held no reproach to her. If ye ever saw the creature, ye wadna easily forget her. Many bonnier, blither lasses are to be seen daily; but such a look of settled serenity and downcast modesty, ye might go far to find. It quite won my wife's heart and mine, and more hearts than ours, as I shall tell you presently. As for the bairns, they just doated on Helen, and she on them; and my poor youngest, that is now with God, during all her long long decline, was little, if ever, off her knee. No wonder then that Helen grew pale and thin, ate little, and slept less. I first set it down to anxiety, and, when the innocent bairn was released, to grief; and from these no doubt it partly arose. But when all was over, and when weeks had passed away—when even my poor wife dried her mother's tears, and I could say, 'God's will be done,' still Helen grew paler and thinner, and refused to be comforted; so I saw there was more in it than appeared, and I bade her open her heart to me; and open it she did, with a flood of tears that would have melted a stone.

"Sir, said she, 'I maun go away, I think it will kill me to leave you and Mrs. Monteith, and the dear bairns in the nursery, and wee Jeanie's grave in the kirk-yard; but stay I canna, and I will tell you why. It is months, ay, amaisht years, since Willie Meldrum, auld Blinkbonnie's son, fell in fancy wi' me, and a sair

sair heart I may say I have had ever sinsyne. His auld hard father, they tell me, swears (wi' sic oaths as wad gar ye grew to hear them) that he will cut him off wi' a shilling if ever he thinks of me; and oh! it wad be a puir return for the lad's kindness to do him sic an ill turn! So I maun away out of the country, till the auld man dies, or Willie takes a wife to his mind; for I have seen ower muckle o' poverty, Mr. Montieth, to be the cause o't to ony man though I whiles think it wad be naething to me, that's sae weel used till't mysell.'

"'Helen,' said I, 'when did Willie Meldrum find opportunities to gain your heart? I never saw him in the house in my life.'

"'Oh, sir!' said she, 'gin I could hae bidden in the house, he wad never hae seen me hither; but I was forced to walk out wi' the bairns, and there was nae place sae quiet and out o' the gate, but Willie was sure to find me out. If I gaed down the burn, Willie was aye fishing; if I gaed up the loan, there was aye something to be dune about the kye. At the kirk door, Willie was aye at hand to spier for your honour, and gie the bairns posies; and after our sair distress, when I was little out for mony a day, I couldna slip out ae moonlight night, to sit a moment upon Jeannie's grave, but Willie was there like a ghaist aside me, and made my very heart loup to my mouth!—'

"'And do you return his good will, Helen?' said I gravely.

"'Oh, sir,' said the poor thing, trembling, 'I dare na tell you a lie. I tried to be as proud, and as shy as a lassie should be to ane abune her degree, and that might do sae muckle better, puir fallow! I tried to look anither gate when I saw him, and mak' mysell deaf when he spoke o' his love; but oh! his words were sae true and kindly, that I doubt mine were nae aye sae short and saucy as they suld hae been. It's hard for a fatherless, fatherless lassie, to be cauldride to the lad that wad tak' her to his heart and hame; but oh! it wad be harder still, if she was

to requite him wi' a father's curse! It's ill enouch to hae nae parents o' my ain, without makin' mischief wi' iither folk's. The auld man gets dourer and dourer ilka day, and the young ane dafter and dafter—sae ye maun just send me aff the country to some decent service, till Willie's a free man or a bridegroom.'

"'My dear Helen,' said I, 'you are a good upright girl, and I will forward your honest intentions. If it be God's will that Willie and you come together, the hearts of men are in His hand. If otherwise, yours will never at least reproach you with bringing ruin on your lover's head.'

"So I sent Helen, Mr. Francis, to my brother's in the south country, where she proved as great a blessing, and as chief a favourite as she had been with us. I saw her some months afterwards; and though her bloom had not returned, she was tranquil and contented, as one who has cast her lot into the lap of Heaven.

"Well, to make a long story short, Willie, though he was unreasonable enough, good, worthy lad as he is, to take in dudgeon Helen's going away, (though he might have guessed it was all for his good,) was too proud, or too constant, to say he would give her up, or bind himself never to marry her, as his father insisted. So the old man, one day, after a violent altercation, made his will, and left all his hard-won siller to a rich brother in Liverpool, who neither wanted nor deserved it. Willie, upon this quarrel, had left home very unhappy, and stayed away some time, and during his absence, old Blinkbonnie was taken extremely ill. When he thought himself dying, he sent for me, (I had twice called in vain before,) and you may be sure I did my best, not to let him depart in so unchristian a frame towards his only child. I did not deny his right to advise his son in the choice of a wife; but I told him he might search the world before he found one more desirable than Helen, whose beauty and sense would secure his son's steadiness, and her frugality and sobriety double his sub-

stance. I told him how she had turned a deaf ear to all his son's proposals of a clandestine marriage, and made herself the sacrifice to his own unjust and groundless prejudices. Dying men are generally open to conviction; and I got a fresh will made in favour of his son, with a full consent to his marriage honourably inserted among its provisions. This he deposited with me, feeling no great confidence in the lawyer who had made his previous settlement, and desired me to produce it when he was gone.

"It so happened, that I was called away to a distance before his decease, and did not return till some days after the funeral. Willie had flown home on hearing of his father's danger, and had the comfort to find him completely softened, and to receive from his nearly speechless parent, many a silent demonstration of returned affection. It was, therefore, a doubly severe shock to him, on opening the *first* will, (the only one forthcoming in my absence,) to find himself cut off from everything, except the joint lease of the farm, and instead of five thousand pounds, not worth a shilling in the world. His first exclamation, I was told, was, 'It's hard to get baith scorn and skaith—to lose poor Helen and the gear baith. If I had lost it for her, they might hae ta'en it that liket!'

"About a week after, I came home and found on my table a letter from Helen. She had heard of Willie's misfortune, and in a way the most modest and engaging, expressed herself ready, if I thought it would still be acceptable, to share his poverty and toil with him through life. 'I am weel used to work,' said she, 'and, but for you, wad hae been weel used to want. If Willie will let me bear a share o' his burden, I trust in God we may wrastle through thegither; and to tell you the truth,' added she, with her usual honesty, 'I wad rather things were ordered as they are, than that Willie's wealth should shame my poverty.'

"I put this letter in one pocket,

and his father's will in the other, and walked over to Blinkbonnie. Willie was working with the manly resolution of one who has no other resource. I told him I was glad to see him so little cast down.

"'Sir,' said he, 'I'll no say but I am vexed that my father gaed to his grave wi' a grudge against me, the mair sae as when he squeezed my hand on his death-bed I thought a' was forgotten. But siller is but world's gear, and I could thole the want o't, and it had nae been for Helen Ormiston, that I hoped to hae gotten to share it wi' me. She may sune do better now, wi' that bonny face and kind heart o' hers!'

"'It is indeed a kind heart, Willie,' answered I; 'if ever I doubted it, this would have put me to shame.' So saying, I reached him the letter, and O that Helen could have seen the flush of grateful surprise that crossed his manly brow as he read it! It passed away, though, quickly, and he said, with a sigh, 'Very kind, Mr. Monteith, and very like herself; but I canna take advantage o' an auld gude will, now that I canna reward it as it deserves.'

"'And what if ye could, Willie?' said I, 'as far at least, as worldly wealth can requite true affection? There is your father's will, made when it pleased God to touch his heart, and you are as rich a man as you were when Helen Ormiston first refused to make you a beggar.'

"Willie was not insensible to this happy change in his prospects; but his kind heart was chiefly soothed by his father's altered feelings; and at the honorable mention of Helen's name, he fairly began to greet.

"The sequel is easily told; but I think the jaunt I made to Tweeddale with Willie, to bring back Helen Ormiston in triumph, was the proudest journey of my life.

"A year ago I married them at the Manse, amid much joy, but abundance of tears in the nursery. To-day, when, according to an old promise, I am to christen my name-son Charlie, I expect to be fairly deaved

with the clamorous rejoicings of my young fry, who, I verily believe, have not slept this week for thinking of it. But," (pulling out his watch,) "it is near four o'clock! sad quality hour for Blinkbonnie! The hotch-potch will be turned into porridge, and the how-towdies burnt to sticks, if we don't make haste!"

I wish, my dear reader, you could see the farm of Blinkbonnie, lying as it does, on a gently sloping bank, sheltered from the north by a wooded crag, or knoll, flanked upon the east by a group of venerable ashes, enlivened and perfumed on the west by a gay luxuriant garden, and open on the south to such a sea-view, as none but dwellers on the Frith of Forth have any idea of. Last Saturday, it was the very beau ideal of rural comfort and serenity. The old trees were reposing, after a course of somewhat boisterous weather, in all the dignity and silence of years. The crows, their usual inhabitants, having gone on their Highland excursion, those fantastic interlopers, Helen's peacocks, (a present from the children at the Manse,) were already preparing for their *siesta* on the topmost boughs. Beneath the spreading branches the cows were dreaming delightfully, in sweet oblivion of the heats of noon. In an adjoining paddock, graceful foals, and awkward calves, indulged in their rival gambols; while shrieks of joy from behind the garden hedge, told these were not the only happy young things in creation.

We deposited our horses in a stable, to whose comforts they bore testimony by an approving neigh, and made our way by a narrow path, bordered with sweet-brier and woodbine, to the front of the house. Its tall, good-looking young master came hastily to meet us, and I would not have given his blushing welcome, and the bashful scrape that accompanied it, for all the most elaborate courtesies of Chesterfield.

No sooner were our footsteps heard approaching, than out poured the minister's whole family from the lit-

tle honeysucked porch, with glowing faces and tangled hair, and frocks, probably white some hours before, but which now claimed affinity with every bush in the garden.

Mrs. Monteith gently joined in the chorus of reproaches to papa for being so late; but the look with which she was answered seemed to satisfy her, as it usually did, that he could not be in fault. We were then ushered into the parlour, whose substantial comforts, and exquisite consistency, spoke volumes in favour of its mistress. Opulence might be traced in the excellent quality of the homely furniture—in the liberal display of antique china, (particularly the choice and curious christening-bowl,)—but there was nothing incongruous, nothing out of keeping, nothing to make you for a moment mistake this first-rate farm-house parlour for a clumsy, ill-fancied drawing room. A few pots of roses, a few shelves of books, bore testimony to Helen's taste and education; but there were neither exotics nor romances in the collection; and the piece of furniture evidently dearest in her eyes was the cradle, in which reposed, amid all the din of this joyous occasion, the yet unchristened hero of the day. It is time to speak of Helen herself, and she was just what, from her story, I knew she must be. The actors, in some striking drama of human life, often disappoint us by their utter dissimilitude to the pictures of our mind's eye, but Helen was precisely the perfection of a gentle, modest, self-possessed Scottish lassie, the mind, in short, of Jeanie Deans, with the personal advantages of poor Effie. Her dress was as suitable as anything else. Her gown, white as snow, and her cap of the nicest materials, were neither of them on the pattern of my lady's; but they had a matronly grace of their own, worth a thousand second-hand fashions; and when Helen, having awakened her first-born, delivered him, with sweet maternal solicitude, into the outstretched arms of the minister's proud and favoured youngest girl, I thought I never saw

a picture worthier the pencil of Coreggio. It was completed, when, bending in all the graceful awkwardness of a novice over the group, Willie received his boy into his arms, and vowed before his pastor and his God to discharge a parent's duty, while a parent's transport sparkled in his eyes!

I have sat, as Shakspeare says, "at good men's feasts ere now"—have ate turtle at the lord mayor's, and venison at peers' tables, and *soufflés* at diplomatic dinners—I have ate sturgeon at St. Petersburg,

and mullet at Naples, mutton in Wales, and grouse in the Highlands, roast beef with John Bull, and *vol-au-vents* at Beauvilliers', but I have no hesitation in saying, that the hotch-potch and how-towdies of Blinkbonnie out-herod them all. How far the happy human faces of all ages round the table contributed to enhance the *gusto*, I do not pretend to decide; but I can tell Mr. Very, that, among all his *consommés* there is nothing like a judicious mixture of youth and beauty, with manliness, integrity, and virtue!

AH! NEVER MAY THAT THOUGHTLESS, HEARTLESS THING.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

AH! never may that thoughtless, heartless thing,
The painted gossamer of Fashion's bower,
Presume to take the hymeneal ring,
Or dare usurp a mother's tender power!
Enough for her to "roll the giddy eye,"
To dance and sparkle in the midnight hour,
Unheard her feeble infan's pleading cry,
Unmark'd the with'ring of that blighted flower.

Canst thou to menial vice and skill-less care
Leave the sweet babe that nestling seeks thy breast,
Its home, its being, fragile as 'tis fair,
And in its own endearing weakness blest?
Canst thou do *this*, and smile? nay, canst thou live
Beneath the sense of such deep guilt oppress'd?
Guilt which one sinner only can forgive,
The pander parent, whom e'en friends detest.

Unhappy in thy error! know, to thee
(For thou art human) pain and age advance;
That blooming cheek shall fade, those bright eyes see
New beauties far outshine their waning glance;
Disease on those light limbs her hand shall lay,
(That stern destroyer of life's young romance)
And time compel thee, with the old and gray,
To take thy place in death's terrific dance.

Ah! hope not then, that kindly pious friend
Shall soothe thy suff'ring hour with precept mild,
That o'er thy couch in sympathy shall bend
The tender husband or the sorrowing child:
Far other guests on that dread scene encroach,
(No longer now neglected or revil'd),
Regret, remorse, and ceaseless self-reproach,
There howl in fierce revenge their descant wild.

OWEN OF LANARK.

WELCOME, welcome, mighty stranger,
To our transatlantic shore,
Anchor'd safe from seas of danger,
All your fears and doubts are o'er.

Sable Jews and flaxen Quakers
Imitate no more the shark;
Wealth lies planted out in acres—
Welcome, Owen of Lanark!

Parallelograms of Virtue,
 Haunts from human frailty free,
 Squares that Vice can ne'er do hurt to,
 Circles of New Harmony;
 Schemes that blossom while we view 'em,
 Swamp and Prairie turned to Park:
 Meum melting into tuum—
 Wondrous Owen of Lanark!

All New York, in mind and body,
 Feels thy influence, and adores:
 Bitters, Sangaree, and Toddy
 Fly her fifteen hundred stores.
 Big Ohio now looks bigger,
 Freedom fans the kindred spark
 Boss no longer scowls on Nigger—
 Welcome, Owen of Lanark!

Lazarus lies down with Dives,
 Rich and poor no more are seen;
 Baltimore one common hive is;
 Busy bees, and thou their Queen.
 Uncle Ben lays down his rifle,
 While his Nephew—prone to bark—
 Thanks his stars for "that 'ere trifle,"
 Mighty Owen of Lanark!

Failing schemers, retrograders,
 Lawyers fattening on strife,
 Grim backwoodsmen, bankrupt traders,
 Squatters brandishing the knife:

Busy Banks their Cents up summing,
 Many a Master, many a Clerk,
 Drop their dollars at thy coming,
 Mighty Owen of Lanark!

Foe to titled Sirs and Madams,
 Prone Law's blunders to redress,
 Washington nor Quincy Adams
 Ever saw thy like, I guess.
 Let John Bull's polluted pages
 Dub thee staring, dub thee stark:
 Solon of succeeding Ages,
 Welcome, Owen of Lanark!

Vast, I calculate, thy plan is,
 Born to soar where others creep;
 Lofty as the Alleghanies,
 As the Mississippi deep.
 As the German Brothers mingle,
 Prone to sing "hark follow hark,"
 All our States, through dell and dingle,
 Hail thee, Owen of Lanark!

"I've an Item," Boss and Peasant
 Feel quite mighty where you stray;
 Competence is omnipresent.
 Poverty "slick right away."
 See our bipeds, "like all nature,"
 Climbing up thy friendly ark,
 Dub thee Sovereign Legislator,
 Welcome Owen of Lanark!

SACRED MELODY.

LET others sweep the ringing lyre,
 To glory's burning lay,
 And pour in words and tones of fire,
 The battle's thundering play:
 Or, in a mellow cadence, tell
 Of love-vow, breathed in wizard dell,
 Where warbling streamlets stray—
 The mingling sigh—the thrilling kiss—
 The looks that promise future bliss!

But be it mine, with humble hand,
 To wake some loftier tone—
 Some echo of the starry land
 That canopies our own—
 To bow my heart, and bend my brow,
 In hope and love—as I do now,
 Before Thy dazzling throne:
 To train my chords to song divine,
 And make the theme of angels mine!

VARIETIES.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

IT appears by the Dutch papers that pigeons are now used to forward correspondence between different countries in Europe, and one was lately found resting on a house in Rotterdam. The carrier pigeon has its name from its remarkable sagacity in returning to the place where it was bred; and Lightow assures us, that one of these birds would carry a letter from Babylon to Aleppo, which is thirty days' journey, in forty-eight hours. This pigeon was employed in former times

by the English factory to convey intelligence from Scanderoon of the arrival of company's ships in that port, the name of the ship, the hour of her arrival, and whatever else could be comprised in a small compass, being written on a slip of paper, which was secured in such a manner under the pigeons wing as not to impede its flight; and her feet were bathed in vinegar, with a view to keep them cool, and prevent her being tempted by the sight of water to alight, by which the journey might have been prolonged, or the

billet lost. The pigeons performed this journey in two hours and a half. The messenger had a young brood at Aleppo, and was sent down in an uncovered cage to Scanderoon, from whence, as soon as set at liberty, she returned with all possible expedition to her nest. It is said that the pigeons when let fly from Scanderoon, instead of bending their course towards the high mountains surrounding the plain, mounted at once directly up, soaring almost perpendicularly till out of sight, as if to surmount at once the obstacles intercepting their view of the 'place of their destination. Maillet, in his "Description de l'Egypt," tells us of a pigeon despatched from Aleppo to Scanderoon, which, mistaking its way, was absent for three days, and in that time had made an excursion to the island of Ceylon; a circumstance then deduced from finding green cloves in the bird's stomach, and credited at Aleppo. In the time of the holy wars, certain Saracen ambassadors who came to Godfrey of Antioch from a neighbouring prince, sent intelligence to their master of the success of their embassy, by means of pigeons, fixing the billet to the bird's tail. Hirtius and Brutus, at the siege of Modena, held a correspondence with one another by means of pigeons. Ovid informs us that Taurosthenus, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice to his father of his victory at the Olympic games, sending it to him at Ægina; and Anacreon tells us, that he conveyed a *billet-doux* to his beautiful Bathyllid, by a dove. Thus, says Bewick, "the bird is let loose, and in spite of surrounding armies and obstacles that would have effectually prevented any other means of conveyance, guided by instinct alone, it returns directly home, where the intelligence is so much wanted. Sometimes they have been the peaceful bearers of glad tidings to the anxious lover, and to the merchant of the no less welcome news of the safe arrival of his vessel at the desired port."

In this *flighty* and *pigeoning* age,

I would recommend a *pigeon-carrier-company*, whose shares might be elevated to any height.

BELZONI.

The Milan Gazette speaks of a fête which took place at Padua last month in honour of Belzoni; on the occasion of consecrating, in the presence of the magistrates and a large concourse of the inhabitants, a medallion designed to transmit to posterity the features and the memory of that celebrated but unfortunate traveller. One of the public authorities pronounced a speech, in which he related the adventures of this illustrious Paduan, his transmission to England of the colossal bust of Memnon, his discovery of the tomb of Psammeticus, his opening of the second pyramid, his excavations at Berenice. The orator also dwelt on Belzoni's private virtues and his love for his native town (on which he bestowed a precious monument of antiquity); and described the sad event of his death, at the very moment at which he seemed to be on the point of accomplishing one of the objects most interesting to civilization. This speech was frequently interrupted by the loudest plaudits.

BOHEMIAN THEATRICALS.

Attempts have long been making, but in vain, to expel the Bohemian dialect from Bohemia, and to substitute the German, which is the idiom of the Austrian government. The hopelessness of this effort has at length been discovered; and in order to gratify that part of the population of Prague, consisting of two-thirds of it, which is ignorant of any but its native dialect, a Bohemian theatre has lately been established at Prague.

RUNNING A MUCK.

The inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago, and particularly of the island of Java, are of a very sullen and revengeful disposition. When they consider themselves grossly insulted, they are observed to become

suddenly thoughtful ; they squat down upon the ground, and appear absorbed in meditation. While in this position, they revolve in their breasts the most bloody and ferocious projects of revenge, and, by a desperate effort, reconcile themselves with death. When their terrible resolution is taken, their eyes appear to flash fire, their countenance assumes an expression of preternatural fury ; and springing suddenly on their feet, they unsheath their daggers, plunge them into the heart of every one within their reach, and rushing out into the streets, deal wounds and murder as they run, until the arrow or dagger of some bold individual terminates their career. This is called *running a muck*.

A MUSICAL SPIT.

A musical phenomenon, in the shape of a *spit*, is in possession of the Count de Castel Maria, of Treviso. It plays 24 tunes, while turning 130 roasts, and directs the culinary process, beside contributing to the entertainment of the cook.

SYRIAN LOOKING GLASSES.

The Damascus blades are the handsomest and best of all Syria ; and it is curious to observe their manner of burnishing them. This operation is performed before tempering, and they have for this purpose a small piece of wood, in which is fixed an iron, which they run up and down the blade, and thus clear off all inequalities, as a plane does to wood : they then temper and polish it. This polish is so highly finished, that when any one wants to arrange his turban, he uses his sword for a looking-glass. As to its temper it is perfect, and I have no where seen swords that cut so excellently. There are made at Damascus and in the adjoining country, mirrors of steel, that magnify objects like burning glasses. I have seen some that, when exposed to the sun, have reflected the heat so strongly as to set fire to a plant fifteen or sixteen feet distant !—*Broquiere's Travels to Jerusalem*.

STEAM GUN.

On the 29th October, 1826, M. Besetzny, a native of Austrian Silesia, made some experiments at Presburg with a steam gun of his invention, in presence of a great assemblage of military men, who were astonished at its extraordinary power. The furnace of iron-plate which contains the steam boiler has the form of an alembic, and holds twenty (pots ?). It rests upon a frame having two wheels. This machine, with all its apparatus, and carrying 2,000 balls, can easily be dragged by one man on a level road. The barrel which receives the balls through a funnel is fixed by some mechanism to the right of the furnace. In fifteen minutes the steam is sufficiently raised to bring the engine into play. Each movement of the handle disengages a ball ; and the discharges succeed each other so quickly, that they scarcely can be counted. Every one of the balls pierced a plank three-quarters of an inch thick, at the distance of eighty paces ; and many pierced a second plank, of the same thickness, at the distance of 150 paces. M. B. expects to bring this machine to a much higher degree of perfection, and the details will be communicated to the public.

GETTING A NAME.

The houses in the city of Dieppe are for the most part handsome and regular ; but whole streets are deformed in some quarters by the addition, to the back of every house, of a species of supplemental building, or single wing, of the full height of the original edifice. The cause of this singular appearance, is, that the architect who was employed to erect the best rows of buildings in the town, performed his work in many respects with great taste and skill, but planned every house, without allowing for the *staircase* ; and did not discover his error till the work was too far advanced to recede. The descendants of this unlucky disposer of buildings, it is said, are still living in Dieppe ; where they have acquired the surname of *Gateville*.